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KEEPING UP WITH THE BUNKERS

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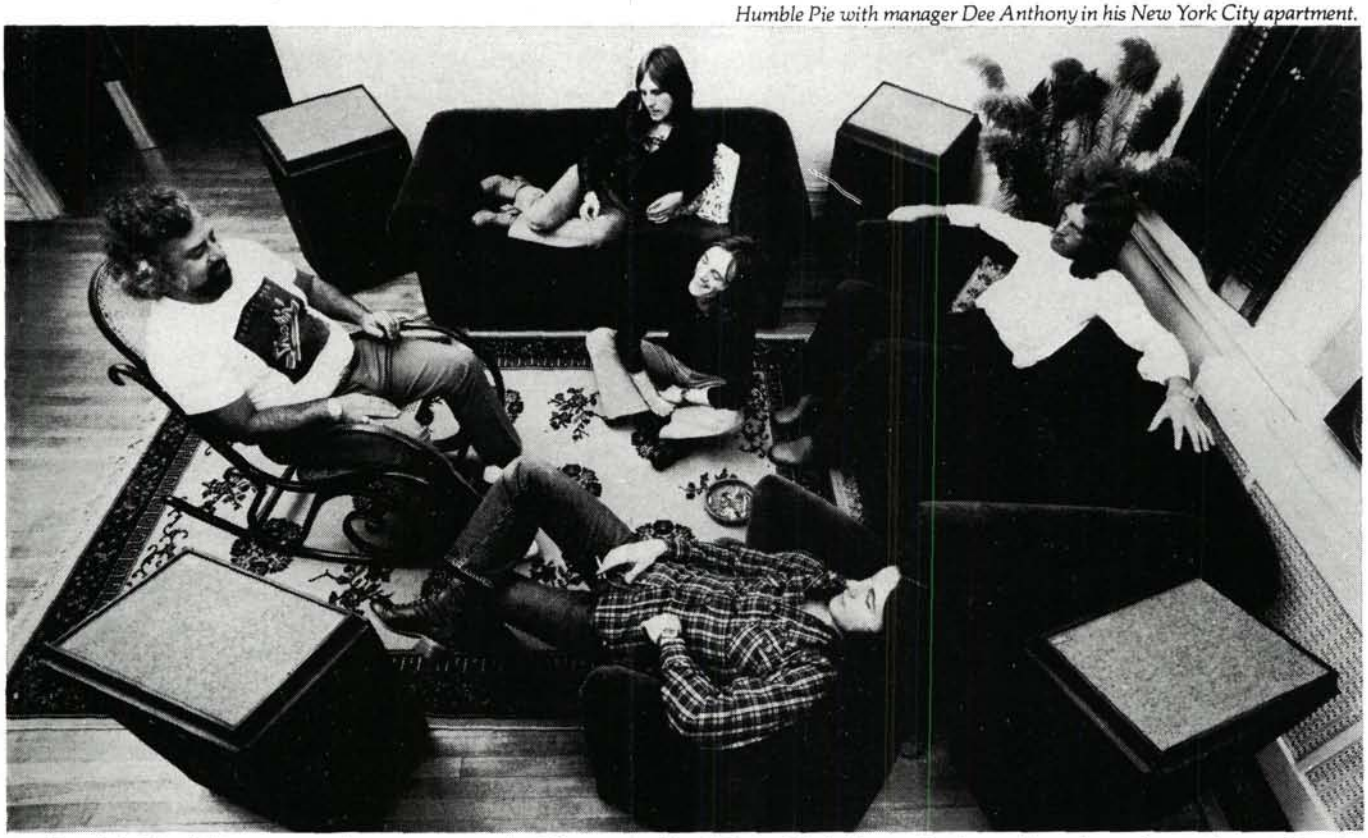
—he's got us: Humble Pie. And a Harman/Kardon 150+.

Humble Pie with manager Dee Anthony in his New York City apartment.



Humble Pie did not earn their reputation by making humble music. They make some of the wildest sounds you can hear today, and the 150+ makes sure you hear every one of them.

The Harman/Kardon 150+ *Multichannel* receiver can get more out of a single note of music in mono, stereo or quadraphonic than any other receiver at the price.

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The 150+ is the most powerful receiver we build. (70 RMS watts per channel in the stereo mode; 30 RMS watts per channel in the *Multichannel* mode.)

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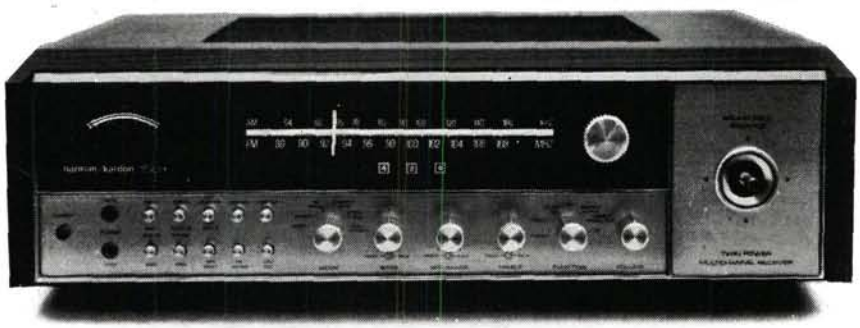

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Humble Pie records exclusively for A&M Records. Certified Gold Albums: "Performance" and "Smokin." Latest release, "Lost and Found."

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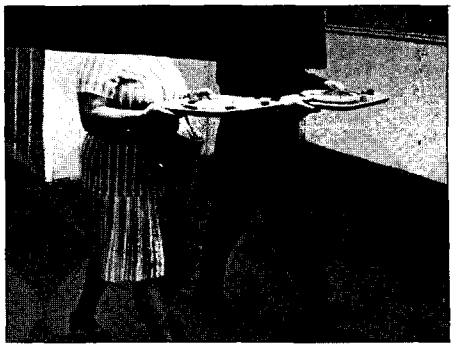

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Vol. 11, No. 6 December 1972

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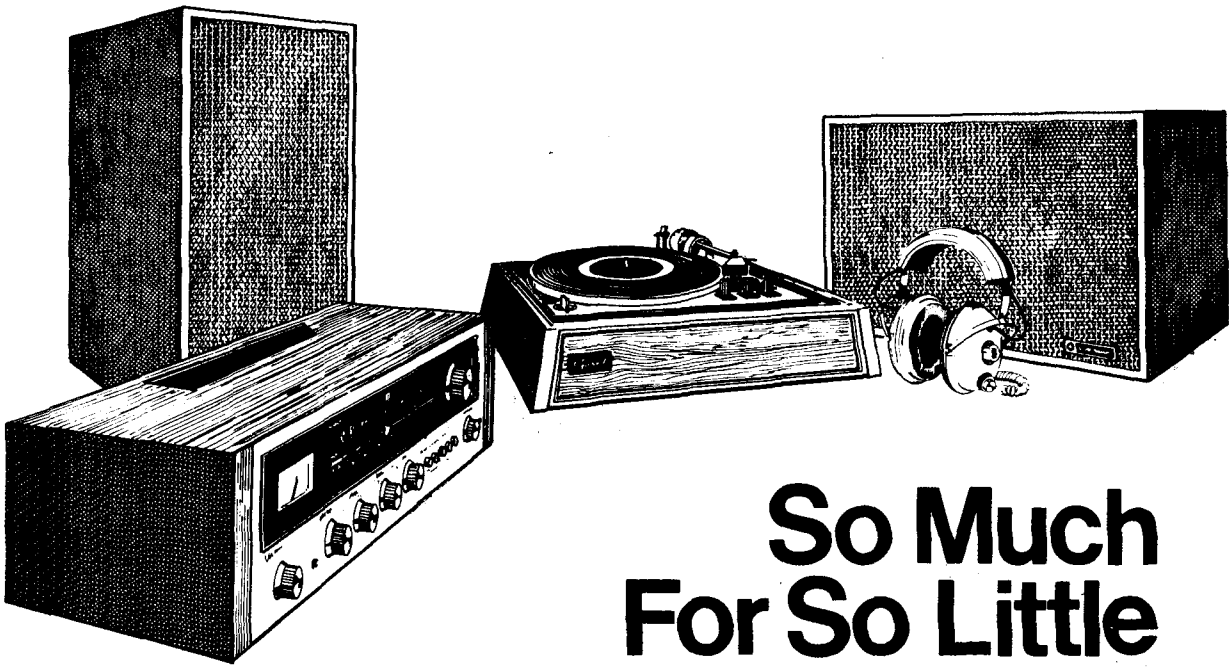

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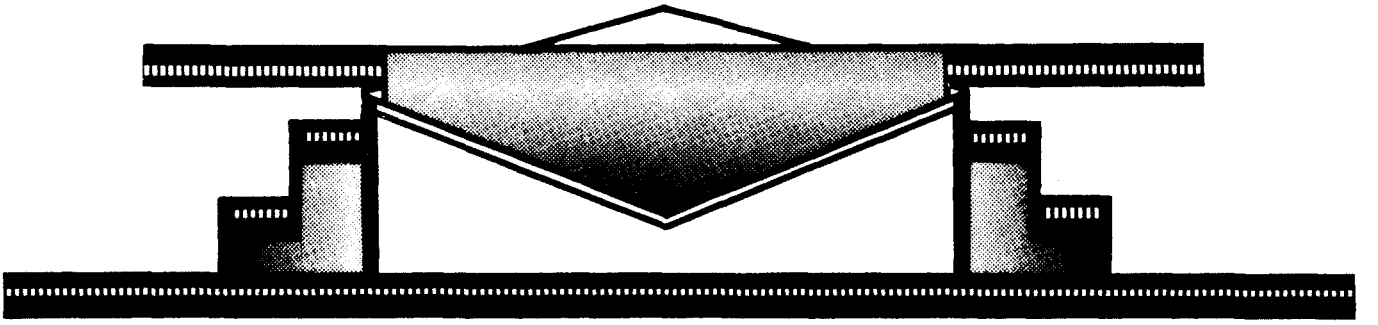

LETTERS

Editors: This country is losing money every year—the richest country in the world. Someone's fooling around with the books. The reason is the Senate and the House—they get paid whether we lose money or not, so they don't care. I say, put 'em on commission, that's the only way.

R. Blagden
East Hampton, Conn.

Editors: RAMPARTS is well-documented, but very heavy going. There is no breath of humor in it, which is a pity, for I am from way back in the days of Emma Goldman in Amerika and Harry Pollitt in Britain and we had a magazine called *Left Wing Revue* (among others) which poked fun at ourselves and others. Also, there is not sufficient reader-editor relationship. Sometimes there are letters to the Editors, but not often; and there are occasions when the readers differ from the policy of the publishers.

Merlin Andrews
Unionville, Alaska

Editors: The battles of the American revolutionary too often take place inside the conscience. For days I have been debating about whether to send in the small amount I could afford in response to your plea for financial support following the AT&T debacle. Finally, after reading Tom Hayden's article in the September '72 RAMPARTS, I resolved to write out the check.

Times are too rough and the stakes are too high for such foolishness as that Phone Phreak piece. In between the long diatribes about freedom of the press, I have heard you admit to this point. So it has undoubtedly crossed your minds. Arrest its flight through the grey matter and push it to the forefront of your consciousness, though, please. For behind the poor timing of the Phone Phreaks thing, and behind the Cratchit column, is a political tendency, a "steal this book" mentality that not only brings RAMPARTS down to Jerry and Abbie's very silly level but threatens to destroy it just when we all need it most.

The Phone Phreak deviation did represent a new dimension to RAMPARTS which, along with the music stuff in recent issues, was at least an effort to pioneer new waters. But what is missing—stunningly and sadly missing—from RAMPARTS magazine is any news of what our people are doing, on the most basic level. After doing what you know how to do best (muckrake), you have chosen to expand your work and change your image by reverting to Yippie whipped cream when the need for thorough, compassionate and even humorous coverage of so many other aspects of our times and of us go begging. . . .

Rena Steinzor
Brooklyn, New York

Editors: The Abbie Hoffman interview with Clifford Irving puzzles me. Was it printed as a circulation-getter? Were you short of copy? Or was it to give Abbie Hoffman a chance to spread himself? (I have nothing against Hoffman, but I mean: If someone other than Hoffman had interviewed Irving, would RAMPARTS have printed it? Some unknown but better interviewer?)

It's all so damned unimportant—even if Clifford found people who were sick of reading about My Lai massacres and new eruptions in the Middle East. It was too unimportant for RAMPARTS . . . and, I would guess, for most of the magazine's readers.

Richard Reynolds
San Pedro, Calif.

Editors: Re: Abbie Hoffman's interview with Clifford Irving entitled "Why I did it." Why did you do it?

Larry Ruttmann
Co-Editor
1st Casualty Press
Coventry, Conn.

Because it seemed like a good idea.—Ed.

Editors: I must admit, the Clifford Irving interview caught me off guard. In Ramparts, no less. I guess maybe I had been on too heavy a diet of doom and gloom, and not even Geritol could make me feel younger. But the interview got to me. I mean, Irving is no Huey Newton, but he ranks a close second to D. B. Cooper, and his story illuminates the machinations of mass media as much as an expose would—in the style your readers might expect. It also made me think: over the past decade, as one atrocity after another has come to light, many of us have forgotten what we knew in the beginning, namely, that a sense of humor is important to carry us through the long haul, and that the affairs of *Finanzkapital* are complex and require investigation from many different angles.

James Woodstock
Akron, Ohio

Editors: Your article on phone phreaks was an example of how the publishing process ought to work. You disseminated certain data in the context of an article of general appeal—most of us have phones and are interested in how the damn thing works. The idea of using certain mechanical means to short-circuit the telephone billing system was both humorous and thought-provoking, raising the question of whether the phone company ought to have the right to charge for long-distance calls in the first place.

Astrid E. Gettier
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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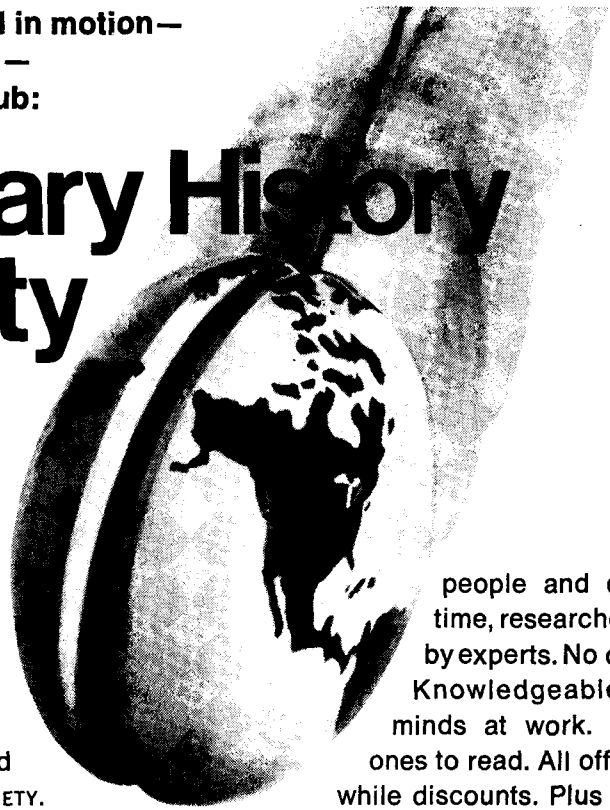

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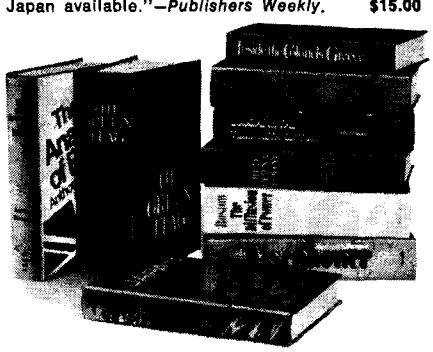

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SPOOKING THE SPOOKS:

the victor marchetti story

by james otis

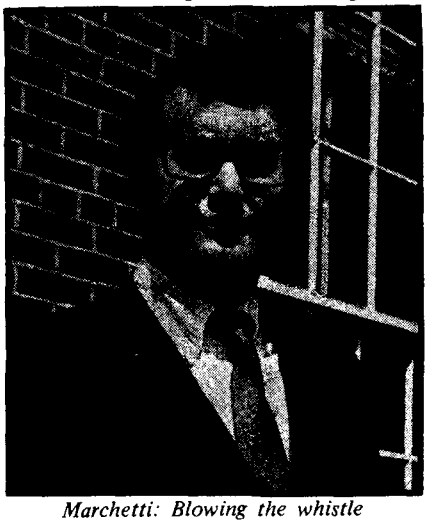
"I'm a scoutmaster" says Victor Marchetti. He is, in fact, more than a scoutmaster.

Until 1969 he was executive assistant to the deputy director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Rufus Taylor. More recently, he has been the subject of a legal case which could crack open the darkest recesses of America's clandestine government. "I am the kind of a guy who manages Little League teams," he goes on. "Well, my scouts and ball players began to grow up on me and they became draft age. They let their hair grow; they changed. Now I know these were good boys, and they started to get to me. They began saying, 'I'm not going to go and get shot in Vietnam, because it's an unjust war.' " Doubts, gnawing doubts about Vietnam and the CIA's role in foreign affairs. He says that he saw himself becoming a lifer, an intelligence bureaucrat, and he "didn't want to play the game any longer." After 14 years as a spy for America, Marchetti quit.

That was 1969. Now, in August, 1972, in Washington, D. C., he sat in a Chinese restaurant known as a place frequented by CIA agents. Far from the taciturn and glamorous killer, Marchetti looked stolidly middle class, of conservative mien and talkative manner. As he spoke, he furtively sized up the occupants of the other tables and mentally chronicled the comings and going of all patrons, presumably out of habit. Did he think the interview was being bugged? "It's not beyond them," he replied, his face a mixture of edginess and resignation.

It had not always been like this. He had left the agency on the best of terms, his boss assuring him that he "had a home to come back to." "In the first year I was away, it was just as if I was at the Agency. I was going to dinner parties . . . we'd sit around and talk. In fact, I saw as much of Agency people as I did when I was working."

But somewhere along the line he got the notion that he wanted to blow the whistle on the CIA: "I would go down to a shopping center and walk around. For the first time in 15 years, I began to look at a check-out clerk as a human being, instead of a check-out clerk. I got interested in people and my ideas about the Agency became firmer and sharper, and I began to focus on precisely what was bothering me."



Marchetti: Blowing the whistle

Victor Marchetti decided to write a book. While the process of writing can be a solitary and private experience, he could scarcely expect to scribble away, merrily exposing his former employers, without it coming to their horrified attention. True, the CIA's record has been afflicted with tragi-comic vicissitudes, but it can presumably keep tabs on its own.

Within weeks of his book outline being shown to various New York publishers, the CIA obtained a copy through a source within the industry. It immediately sought, and received, a court injunction against any further revelation of the book's contents. The order additionally restrains Marchetti from even discussing the as yet *unwritten* book with his literary agent, publishers, or wife. It is an injunction of unprecedented scope—never before has the government gone to court to prevent former employees from speaking or writing. At the heart of the case lies a basic conflict between the First Amendment guarantees of free speech and the government's interest in keeping a lid on its various clandestine—and often illegal—activities. Provoked by the wave of "whistle-blowing" attendant on Daniel Ellsberg's release of the Pentagon Papers, the conflict arises because of official activity which offends the moral sensibilities of rather ordinary, and very loyal, public servants like Victor Marchetti. If the Supreme Court backs Marchetti's right to talk, it could open a floodgate for a torrent of revelations about the nefarious activities of American spy agencies. If it upholds the CIA, it could cut down on the trickle of information which currently keeps the Invisible Government on its guard.

Aside from the broader implications of the case, the CIA has good reason to fear what Marchetti himself might reveal about his erstwhile employers. He is unquestionably the highest-ranking intelligence official to threaten exposure of the Agency's more questionable endeavors. He knows where the skeletons are hidden. Indeed, Marchetti is given credit for developing the surveillance techniques which led the CIA to discover Russian missiles in Cuba and thereby provoked the 1962 Missile Crisis.

As Marchetti tells the story, "After I was with the Agency for five or six years, I was assigned to the Cuban problem. This was exciting and personally very satisfying because another fellow and I evolved a strange analytical working tool which we called crateology. With it we were able to identify the merchant ships that were arms carriers. Over a period of time, since the Soviets were very methodical, we began to learn which crate contained a SAM 2 and which crate

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*Columbia University's Public Opinion Quarterly published a recent survey of authors, editors, and professors, which showed that over 50% selected *The New York Review* as the journal they *discussed* most often. The next journal was mentioned by only 20%.)

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After 19 years of independent reporting and publishing, of his own Washington newsletter, I. F. Stone has joined *The New York Review of Books* as Contributing Editor. He writes, *"I am looking forward to carrying on the work I've done for the last 19 years in The New York Review of Books. I consider it the finest review of its kind in the English language."*

In recent issues, *New York Review* readers have enjoyed I. F. Stone's articles on the concealed strategy behind Nixon's moves in Moscow, China, and the Middle East; the failures of all the political party platforms; and his exposure of Washington corruption. As Stone puts it, he's *"as full of pep and vinegar as ever."*

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R-2

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contained a Mortor torpedo. We could even tell whether a ship was out of the Baltic or the Black Sea.

"In 1962 we saw in Cuba a build-up the likes of which we'd never seen before in the world. At the same time, the Soviets were doing other things as diversionary tactics. In Indonesia and Yemen, for instance, they were using Soviet pilots and submarine crews for the first time. I don't think that stuff ever came out. Meanwhile the Pentagon was writing rebuttals to our reports, saying the Russian ships were just part of big agricultural and economic aid programs. But because of our work, the U-2 flights were sent. They came back and the first photographs showed all the SAM sites being put in. We have always taken great pride in this."

Later, Marchetti was assigned to keep tabs on Soviet efforts to develop an anti-ballistic missile system. "The point we kept hammering away at was this: Try as they might, the Soviets could not produce ABM's. All the fears they had around Washington were not founded. The anti-ballistic missile system is a dream. By the very nature of the game, it cannot work. You cannot develop a gun which will shoot a bullet from a gun already fired at you. Only Tom Mix could do that."

By this point, Marchetti's star was rapidly rising within the Agency. He was moved to the "executive suite," and there, ironically, his doubts began to develop. Vietnam was the issue. "It started off with me being hot and saying, 'We're gonna fight these gooks. Let's beat their asses, we can do it. Don't let them nickel and dime you to death. Whump 'em a couple of good ones.' " But the Johnson Administration chose another, more expensive course, and Marchetti grew frustrated. "They had money going down the drain like crazy. At the same time I was becoming more and more aware of the social problems in this country. It started out as a simple financial concern. We have ghettos. We have all kinds of other problems that have to be taken care of. Why spend money out there?"

Marchetti was never "radicalized" and he is certainly no radical today. But his frustration deepened, and he grew more and more disillusioned. "Vietnam was just one issue. I became disenchanted with a lot of the clandestine activities. I thought they were useless. Actually counter-productive. Upholding a dictator somewhere in a country which ... if we had any brains ... we would have nothing to do with."

At first, he simply said his piece and avoided the Vietnam "account"—as it is called in CIA jargon. But he saw himself becoming a bureaucrat in an institution whose basic activities he questioned: "For example, so much money is spent on research and development, and I couldn't think of anything to research or develop. So I spoke with the guy who ran R & D and concluded that—out of 1200 people working for us—we had 300 to 600 too many. He wanted to keep them! He was a real bureaucrat. I was thinking what he had become and I could see myself that way. So my decision, in the end, was highly personal, emotional as well as logical. I just typed up my resignation and fired it in one day."

Though he confesses to missing "certain things about the Agency," Marchetti is today more critical than ever of its operations. "I am convinced that the U.S. intelligence, the CIA, are drifting toward, if they are not already involved in, domestic operations. It's only logical. I mean you can't spy against the Soviet Union and China. Those targets are almost impenetrable. Really the only place they can operate with any kind of success is in the underdeveloped areas of Latin America, Africa, certain parts of Asia. In any case, intelligence should be collecting information and analyzing it, but Agency people are most interested in influencing events. They're more interested in covert action operations that put certain people into office, in a coup d'état if necessary."

And so Marchetti fights his legal battle and jots down in private his recollections of life in the CIA. He does it, he says, because the only way to reform American intelligence is to open it up for public review. If he wins his case and publishes these memoirs (now scheduled for release in 1973, by Alfred Knopf and Co.), his story, we are assured, will present the American people with a view of the CIA which has heretofore appeared only in the nightmares of its most severe critics. If he loses, the dangers of which he warns are certain to multiply. ○

WOMEN

The sex of a psychologist may interfere with his or her clinical judgment, according to Norma Haan and Dr. Norman Livson, two psychologists at the University of California's Institute of Human Development in Berkeley.

After studying 30 experienced, professional psychologists, Haan and Livson found that male psychologists quickly pick up such deviations from the "male" norms as passivity and dependency, while females are more apt to notice "male" tendencies such as condescension and excessive concern with power and self-control. "It is as though men keep a sharper eye out for defections from the male stereotype, while women are more alert to excesses of males in the service of that sterotype," they report.

Male psychologists also tend to be more critical of *both* sexes, while females are supportive, the study shows. Female psychologists evaluate women more favorably, giving them credit for intellectual competence and self-acceptance, while males frequently accuse women of irritability and rebelliousness.

"We are left with a big question," add Haan and Livson, "Which psychologist—man or woman—can best tell us what people are really like?"

●

A mother today spends only one-seventh of her lifespan raising children, compared to one-half of her life in 1911, according to Colin Bell in the British publication *New Society*. Due to earlier and fewer pregnancies and a lengthened life expectancy, Bell reports that most marriages can now anticipate two decades of "child-free existence," whereas 60 years ago there were only five such years.

●

After a months-long strike, the all-women Cleaners Action Group of London has won union recognition and an increase in basic pay (see RAM-

The work of the Women's News Collective has grown out of a weekly radio program of women's news at KPFA in Berkeley. We welcome contributions.

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PARTS, October 1972). Although they had initially demanded £19 a week (about $45), the women accepted £16.50 plus 50 pence night allowance, with the provision that negotiations will continue on their demands for more holidays and the hiring of more staff.

●

Japan has achieved zero population growth, the first industrialized country in the world to do so. Although the IUD and the pill are illegal in Japan, abortion is cheap and widely used. More than 40 percent of married women have had an abortion, and about 17 percent said their first pregnancy was aborted. For contraception, the Japanese are partial to condoms, often combined with other methods.

●

Four women, charging sexual discrimination, are suing the State of California in order to receive pregnancy benefits under the state's temporary disability insurance. Carolyn Aiello, Elizabeth B. Johnson, Agustina D. Armendariz and Jacqueline Jaramillo are plaintiffs in two suits to halt enforcement of Section 2626 of the California Unemployment Insurance Code. Under this section of the code, women cannot collect disability benefits during the term of their pregnancy and for 28 days thereafter, even though they pay into this fund. In addition, women are denied benefits for any condition arising out of pregnancy. This provision affects approximately 200,000 working California women each year.

Male workers, however, are covered for such strictly-male disabilities as hernias, circumcisions, and prostatectomies, and the state even pays benefits to workers who are recovering from sex-change operations. With the narrow exception of alcoholism, drug addiction and insanity, male workers can receive benefits for disabilities arising out of *any* physical or mental impairment.

The women involved in the suits maintain they have faced considerable financial hardship and mental strain because of the unequal coverage. Three of the women were seriously ill due to complications arising from pregnancy, and one woman lost her job. ○

MONEY AND POLITICS:

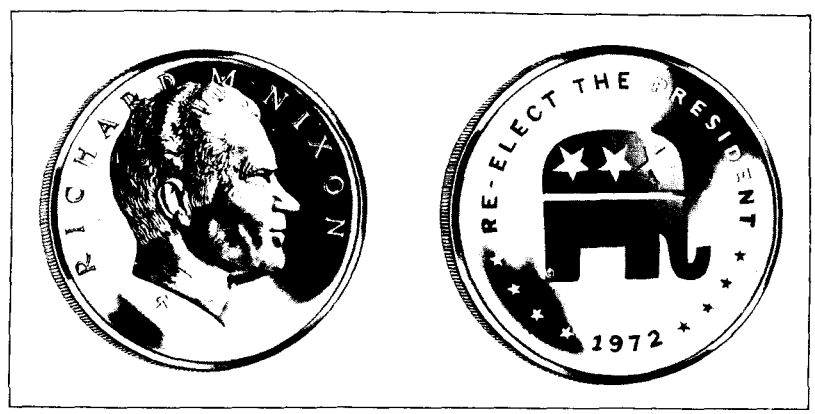
the good fortune of the franklin mint

by james ridgeway

Among the various businesses looking to turn the American Bicentennial to their advantage is a Pennsylvania outfit called the Franklin Mint Corporation. Founded in 1964 by Joseph Segal, a Philadelphia advertising man, it now has sales of between $75 and $80 million a year, and claims to be the largest privately owned mint in the world, much larger than the mints of many governments. Franklin produces coins for several countries, such as Tunisia, Panama, Trinidad, Tobago, the Bahamas and Jamaica. But its major business is issuing a steady stream of commemorative medals for the United Nations, the American Legion, the Peace Corps, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the U.S. Olympic Committee, and whoever else will pay the price.

There is, for example, the first annual World Series medallion. Or you can pick up a series of presidential campaign medals, 12 spoons featuring the "12 days of Christmas," and a Norman Rockwell Christmas silver plate. Mrs. Nixon is posing for a "First Ladies" series of medals, and congressional wives are known to carry about costly baubles made by Franklin Mint. An international operation, the company has subsidiaries in Canada, France and England. The French affiliate, Le Medailir SA, makes a die machine that is basic to minting operations in most parts of the world.

Over the past two years, Franklin Mint has drawn criticisms for its promotional methods. The June 27, 1971 Washington *Evening Star* carried an ad which made the following offer: "Postmasters of America invites you to build a valuable collection of medallic first day covers combining official U.S. commemorative stamps with the Postmasters' own sterling silver commemorative medals—from the very first issue." Below was pictured a rendering of an envelope with a medallic inset that said, "In commemoration of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution" and "Limited Edition Proof." Elsewhere the envelope carried a label, "Authentically certified by Postmasters of America." It looked like a first-day issue put out by the government, but in fact Franklin Mint had prepared it



exclusive keepsake?

The Franklin Mint counts the Republican National Committee among its most valued clients. In the recent campaign, it struck an "Official 1972 Presidential Campaign Medal" shown above. The promotional literature described the Franklin Mint as "the largest and foremost private mint in the world," and the medallion itself was touted as "a priceless memento" [sic], "a treasured heirloom you'll proudly display," and "an exclusive keepsake."

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And Senator Edward M. Kennedy says:
"If this book were a novel, one would have to say that the authors had a very vivid imagination. But their tale is all too true. It details both the extent to which the continuing war in Asia has driven men and women of conscience to extremes of dissent and the degree to which the massive power of the federal establishment has been used to surveil, and snare, indict, and prosecute members of the anti-war movement."

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for Postmasters of America, a new association of two different postmasters groups. When Segal was questioned by members of Congress about using the word "official" in this offering, he insisted that it was an "official" presentation.

In a more celebrated case, Franklin Mint offered members of the Mint's Collectors Society a special coin made from silver that "actually went to the moon." It had been carried there, the company said, by members of the Apollo 14 mission. As it turned out, the silver never actually landed on the moon. Instead, the astronauts kept it in lunar orbit at Franklin's request—against official regulations. The mint people had managed to sneak aboard 200 medals. According to the deal, the astronauts could keep 150 and 50 were sent back to the mint. After the ensuing bad publicity, NASA promised that this lunar hustle would not be repeated.

Franklin Mint apparently owes much of its success to a clever political organization which includes intimate contacts with the Republican Administration and at least one key member of Congress. In recent years, Segal has been a major contributor to two Republican congressmen from Pennsylvania, Lawrence G. Williams and John H. Ware, III. Two of Williams' former assistants have top jobs at the mint, and Williams himself sits on the House Banking Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs, which concerns itself with coins and medals. He is known to lobby for Franklin Mint, particularly whenever the U.S. Mint threatens to infringe on Franklin's corner in coins. In addition, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott and House Minority Leader Gerald Ford have journeyed to the mint to make pious addresses about its good works, and Segal has had his picture taken with Nixon. Three weeks after it applied for a post office to be centered in its new plant, the postal service approved the site and a new postal location, Franklin Center. It hardly fits the image of the hometown post office: to get a stamp you have to penetrate a cordon of armed guards, then find the secretary with a little stamp box on her desk. Although it's designated a post office, Franklin

phony as a $2...

Among the ideas to come from the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission is the hitherto unpublished proposal to issue a new $2 bicentennial coin to help pay for the event and provide a spur to the vending machine business. A private memo from R. Lynn Carroll, deputy executive director of the Commission, to Jack LeVant, until recently the director, says, "It is suggested that the Bicentennial Commission recommend as part of the National Bicentennial activities the minting of a single memorial coin which is also legal tender. This coin would be for national circulation, as a symbol and constant reminder to Americans of all that we as a nation have accomplished over 200 years of dynamic growth."

The earnings of the coin, which Carroll estimated at $125 million, could help sponsor the bicentennial. It might have other beneficial uses: "It would obviously fit no extant coin-operated device. The availability of such a coin, however, might encourage the extension of this industry into machinery capable of handling products of higher unit values. A wide range of products now only available for over-the-counter purchasing might then be added to the fast-services convenience market with the introduction of such a coin and its attendant machinery.

"In addition, much of what we buy and purchase today has a unit value of more than a dollar. While no calculation of increased efficiency or productivity is ventured here of the total nationwide impact of having a $2 piece available in lieu of an assortment of change and paper currency, it is safe to say that such a coin would find ready use for such items as taxi fares, admission fees, parimutual betting, parking lot charges, paperback books, charitable donations."—J.R.

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[CHEAPER BY THE COUSIN]

"... his sisters and his cousins (whom he numbers by the dozens) ... and his aunts."

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Most magazines really hustle for gift subscriptions this time of year, and many do quite well by it. (Ramparts, for example, sells 90% of the year's gift subscriptions in the month of November.) That is no surprise: first of all, signing up your friends and family is an effortless way to do holiday shopping, and also, what else can you buy these days for $6?

The proposition is fairly uncluttered: renew your present subscription for another year, at a saving, and then slide on up to the bargain gift counter, where a full year's worth of Ramparts is going for $6. Our regular subscription renewal rate is $9.50, but for the moment it is $6.00. For twelve bucks you get another year on your own subscription and a treat for a friend or relative. For yet another $6.00 you can send yet another gift, etc., *ad bankruptum*.

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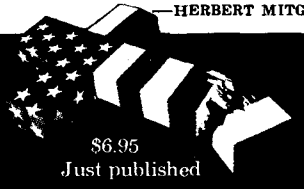

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THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

Mint's mail is handled by another U.S. post office, this one at Media, Pa.

In recent months the mint's major concern has been to get a piece of the bicentennial action. As Segal told Congress, "The Franklin Mint itself has been deeply involved in the bicentennial commemoration since 1968. We have recently completed a series of 50 medals commemorating, in great depth, the history of the American Revolution. A special edition of this series is currently being offered as the first official series of commemorative medals of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In addition, we are well along the way in producing a series of 200 medals commemorating every year in the history of the United States from 1776 to 1976.

"We are also producing a series of 50 medals for the National Trust commemorating America's great historic sites. Further, we are producing a series of medals honoring 12 great Americans each year, in conjunction with the gallery of the great Americans which will be fully established by 1976." The mint is also putting out an edition of distinctive state medals to help the individual states honor the event. If the states agree to make these medals "official," Franklin will cut them in on a percentage of the royalties from the sale.

The firm's outlook is rosy for the next four years, but Segal remains alert to possible competition. Recently, for example, the U.S. Mint proposed to issue a general commemorative medal. Franklin opposed this measure as the "Vietnam of the medal industry," which would threaten to create havoc for the private medals market. To no avail. Congress passed a bill directing the U.S. Mint to go ahead and make commemorative medals. At Segal's insistence, Hugh Scott interceded with the Office of Budget and Management, and succeeded in holding the legislation back for a year, enough time so that Franklin Mint could get into the bicentennial medals business and establish a market, if not a corner, on the trade.

As if to show his gratitude, Segal forked up over $100,000 last summer to aid Nixon in his re-election. ○

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SOUTH AFRICA

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By Jim Hoagland

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POOR DEREK'S ALMANAC

by derek shearer

The Source Collective, located in Washington, D.C., consists of four people who have been compiling a series of annotated Yellow Pages or political Whole Earth Catalogs on movement and movement-related activities. The first catalog dealt with communications, and included lists of political bookstores, movement presses, and underground TV groups. The second catalog, entitled *Source Catalog: Community/Housing,* is now available; it is a basic resource tool for people and organizations involved in community organizing, particularly around the issue of housing.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

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In addition to listing groups active in housing organizing, and useful books and pamphlets, the catalog includes essays on the general housing and real estate situation around the country, and on tactics and strategy for obtaining decent housing.

Source Catalogs are published by Swallow Press, 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605. The catalog *Community/Housing* costs $2.95 in paperback, $7 in hardcover; if your local bookstore doesn't carry it, you can order copies directly from Swallow Press.

Another new publication that should be of use to community organizers is the 100-page pamphlet, *People Before Property: A Real Estate Primer and Research Guide,* by Mike Stone. It was produced by Urban Planning Aid (UPA), an organization of planners, economists, and researchers which provides technical help to community groups in Massachusetts. The pamphlet, however, was written to assist organizers all over the country, and it provides a good introduction to the confusing world of mortgages, real estate trusts, property taxes, etc. Of special interest is a section on "How to Do Real Estate Research," to aid community groups in researching local landholders.

Copies are free to community groups; $4 to institutions and to those who can afford to pay. Write: Urban Planning Aid, Community Research and Publishing Group, 639 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Tel. (617) 661-9220.

UPA also provides a Community Press Service (CPS) for local newspapers around the country, mailing out a monthly packet of articles, cartoons, and photos which are written for the general public and deal with such issues as tenants' rights, taxes, cable TV, the economy, education, worker health and safety, etc. The service is free to community newspapers and $20 a year to institutions and those who can afford the donation (address above). CPS can prove to be a valuable resource for all community groups and for underground newspapers which carry articles of interest to working people.

If you're interested in bringing about change in your local area or region, or are already working with a community organizing project, you ought to know about some other basic source books, including:

–*Where It's At: A Research Guide for Community Organizing,* by Jill Hamburg. Available for 50 cents from: New England Free Press, 791 Tremont St., Boston, Mass 02118. (The N.E. Free Press publishes a variety of pamphlets and reprints; be sure to ask for their literature list.)

–*Finding Community: A Guide to Community Research and Action,* prepared by W. Ron Jones. Available in some bookstores and from the publisher: James E. Freel and Associates, 10350 Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd., Cupertino, Calif. 95014 ($3.95, plus 50 cents postage and handling).

–*The Organizer's Manual,* by the O.M. Collective, published by Bantam Books, $1.25 paperback. Compiled by a student collective at Boston University which formed in 1970 as a result of the invasion of Cambodia and the killings in Kent, Augusta, and Jackson.

As for rural America, the fledgling land reform movement is summarized in the May 1972 bulletin *Community Economics,* published by the Center for Community Economic Development (CCED). This issue includes articles on rural poverty and land ownership, land banks in the South, and a bibliography on land reform. Copies are available at $1 each. Write: CCED, 1878 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02140.

The July 1972 issue of *WIN* magazine entitled *Death of the American Farmer* analyzes how and why corporations are forcing farmers off the land. Single copies of the magazine are available for 50 cents (half price for orders of 10 or more). A year's subscription to *WIN*–published by the War Resisters League–costs $5. *WIN,* which appears twice a month, regularly features fine articles and reports on movement activities around the country. Write: WIN, Box 547, Rifton, New York 12471. Tel. (914) 339-4585.

People interested in working politically for land reform should contact the National Coalition for Land Reform, 126 Hyde Street, Suite 101, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. The Coalition is a loosely structured coalition of farmers, farm workers, lawyers, economists, union leaders, and stu-

The black vote could swing the election...

...theoretically. The minorities have more to gain from the electoral process than any other group, yet they rarely participate. Why? Penn Kimball's path-breaking study, THE DISCONNECTED, examines this crucial political issue in the light of past and present trends.

Kimball bases his analysis on close examination of: Blacks and Puerto Ricans in New York, Newark, and Cleveland (with some interesting insights into the two Stokes campaigns); Chicanos in Los Angeles and San Antonio; Indians in Arizona; and Southern Blacks in New Orleans and Atlanta. Kimball's findings—and his revolutionary recommendations—are receiving serious study by politicians, and their impact will be felt increasingly in elections to come.

The Disconnected
Penn Kimball

Available at your local bookstore
Cloth $10.00,
Columbia Paperback 147, $2.95

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York, New York 10025

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dents. You might also check out *Communitas,* a new journal designed to keep rural communities in touch with each other and to report on their activities. The first issue (July 1972) includes articles on the New Dominion community in Virginia, and the Philadelphia Life Center, as well as features on Community Resources and a Community Clearinghouse. The journal grew out of Community Service, Inc., associated with Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. The Service counsels groups interested in establishing new communities. Subscriptions for 6 issues a year cost $5 ($7 outside the U.S. and Canada). Write: Communitas, 121 W. Center College St., Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

If you're interested in the design of more livable cities and in the political context in which city planners operate, Percival and Paul Goodman's classic *Communitas–Means of Livelihood and Ways of Life* (Vintage paperback, $1.95) is worth looking at. It starts from the premise that human needs should govern the planning of cities, not the needs of real estate developers or of industry. *After the Planners* (Simon and Schuster, $6.95) by Robert Goodman, criticizes the perspective of building monuments at the expense of people and considers what role a planner might play in the "liberation" of America's urban populace.

And one additional resource on housing: The July/August 1972 issue of *Society* (formerly *Trans-Action* magazine) had a special supplement on the politics of housing. Copies are available for $1. Write: Society, Box A, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903. ○

BANKAMERILIB:

can lynda bird be liberated?

by sheila daar

"Women have been stepped upon, wept upon and slept upon and yet we've still managed to find something

Columnist Sylvia Porter

in men to love. And we're gonna love them a lot more when they get with the 20th Century."

The speaker was Liz Carpenter, former press secretary to Lady Bird Johnson. The occasion, a symposium on "Women in the Economy" sponsored by those well-known advocates of equal rights for women, *The Ladies Home Journal,* Bank of America and its subsidiary, BankAmericard.

I had seen an announcement of the symposium quite by accident–a discrete notice in San Francisco's Hearst newspaper saying only that the symposium would be held at San Francisco's elegant Mark Hopkins Hotel on September 21, and would feature the likes of Lynda Bird Johnson Robb, financial columnist Sylvia Porter, U.S. Treasurer Romana Acosta Banuelos, NOW's vice president Virginia Carabillo and Nixon's Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, Herbert Stein.

Only last year, women activists had occupied the *Journal*'s editorial offices in anger over the image of women projected by the magazine. And this year the Bank of America has come under fire for discrimination against its female employees. Under the circumstances, the conference promised to provide a curious view of the women's liberation movement.

As the symposium opened, the press and the carefully screened "delegates" were ushered into the Peacock Court of the Mark Hopkins and handed a packet of information on the events to come. The program described those attending as "two hundred local women representing all population and opinion segments." A look at the roster of delegates and their credentials revealed, however, that "all segments" referred mainly to female stockbrokers, corporate executives, professors, politicians, attorneys and professional philanthropists. The group was so "distinguished" that the only "homemaker" listed turned out to be the wife of the president of BankAmericard.

The meeting got underway with the introduction of the two co-moderators, Lenore Hershey, managing editor of *Ladies' Home Journal,* and Yvonne Brathwaite, black California state assemblywoman and co-convener of the Democratic National Convention.

Ms. Hershey began by announcing the location of the powder rooms and noted that this symposium was above politics. She then introduced the keynote speaker–and non-partisan of note–Herbert Stein, chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisors. "The most encouraging statistic," said Stein, "is the rise in the proportion of women who are professional and technical workers, from 12.3 percent in 1958 to 14.5 percent in 1971." Two percent in 13 years. Far out.

To anyone who might have been concerned about the fact that women earn only 59 percent as much as men,

Calif. Assemblywoman Yvonne Brathwaite

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Nixon adviser Herbert Stein

that during the Nixon Administration unemployment of women (and minorities) has risen to an all-time post-World War II high, that three-quarters of all clerical workers and two-thirds of all service workers are women, Stein had a momentous announcement: President Nixon had that very day released a statement asking Stein to form an Advisory Committee on the Economic Role of Women. And thus an advisory committee to an advisory committee will conduct yet another study of the "problem."

Stein's announcement was followed by the first panel of the day, "Women as Economic Equals." Michigan's Democratic Congresswoman Martha Griffiths led off with the comment, "When a widow lays her husband in the grave she *ought* to weep–because he takes the credit cards with him. The lenders and providers believe that a man five years dead is a better credit risk than a living woman."

She went on to detail the myriad ways in which tax and credit laws discriminate against women. Some of the highlights: If a husband divorces his wife, she gets neither a pension nor social security no matter how long they have been married; in some community-property states, women have no right to manage property owned with their husbands; in a divorce, health insurance goes with the husband even if the wife has been making the payments on the policy from her own separate income; the cost of employing office help is tax deductible, but the cost of employing domestic help is not.

Following Griffiths's opening remarks, another member of the panel, Anita Miller (listed appropriately enough as chair*man* of the California Commission on the Status of Women) wanted to know how women such as herself–who to be sure favor economic equality for women–could differentiate themselves from those demonstrating and marching women who wear neither bra nor lipstick. The panelists tossed that one around for a while, most of them surprisingly concluding that until women get noisy, they get nothing. Virginia Carabillo, NOW's national vice president, gently chided the doubters by saying, "We have our necks out now for what women in time will have their hands out."

Thereupon former press secretary Liz Carpenter took over for a discussion of "Women in the Work Force." Carpenter proved one of the more entertaining speakers, and she got the most laughs of the day.

On the Constitution: "I wonder what they were doing in 1776. I know they were *thinking* about women. If you've read about Ben Franklin he was pinching fannies all over Constitution Hall."

On femininity and women's liberation: "The champagne doesn't go flat any quicker because my take-home pay is the same as the other vice

Lenore Hershey: Managing Editor
Ladies' Home Journal

Lynda Bird Johnson Robb

presidents at Hill and Knowlton. You can be sensuous and *think* too."

On activism: "As political activists we range from Shirley Chisholm to Shirley Temple."

Carpenter did have the grace to recognize that the economic lot of those on the lowest rungs of poverty has not changed in the twenty years she has been a reporter and executive in Washington, D.C., but, that said, she hastened to add that things are getting better for women all the time. As proof, she noted: "Four years ago there were ten corporations with blacks or women on their boards of directors. Today there are forty."

Over lunch, the women heard the second Nixon Administration offering of the day, U.S. Treasurer Romana Acosta Banuelos. The owner of a Los Angeles-based fast food chain, Banuelos expressed pride at being "the *only* woman of Mexican descent on the cabinet." Nixon, she said, has truly advanced the cause of women: "Thanks to the President, we now have three female brigadier generals in the Armed Forces."

The Bank of America claimed the second half of the lunch session, held appropriately enough in the "Room of the Dons." Senior Vice President J. S. Carrera confessed "I've always had an affinity for women. Those same beautiful women are that much more beautiful when they evidence the spirit here today!" Dee Hock, president of BankAmericard, followed him to the

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podium and described the inception of the symposium: "A female member of my staff came to me with the ideas and a cost estimate. She coaxed, pleaded, sulked and finally got her way [frozen silence from the audience] . . . just like men do [nervous laughter]."

Hock then described with candor the Bank's motive for sponsoring the forum: "Bankcards are taking over a large role in the economy. Since women are key to the acceptance of new products, we need to know what you are thinking. We'll listen to you and try to use what we've learned from you in the marketplace."

It therefore came as no surprise when the final panel focused on "Women as Consumers." This was home ground for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which turned out its big guns—contributing editor Lynda Bird Johnson Robb, financial columnist Sylvia Porter and the head of "Reader Research" Mary Powers. The latter no doubt put her finger on the problem when she suggested: "I would like to see someone organize neighborhood Consumer Anonymous clubs. That seems to be the way to solve difficult problems. Not only would this give the gals a night out, it would make them feel like they were doing something worthwhile." It was a recommendation which the symposium's sponsors could only applaud. As if to punctuate the thought, the *Ladies' Home Journal* passed out to each conferee a foldable *shopping* bag bearing the inscription, "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman."

Notwithstanding the high-powered talent which festooned the symposium, it was left to a 40-year-old Chicana law student named Nora Brusuelas Hickman to call the spade a spade and to challenge an ideology which proclaims that all women are sisters, but whose most visible element lacks a political analysis. Early in the morning's discussion, she provoked uneasy stirring in the audience by taking on the sponsors: "I hope that this symposium means that the Bank of America is finally going to take a good look at their own hiring policies. They haven't exactly been in the vanguard of this movement." She went on to describe some of the reasons why minority women have avoided the women's liberation movement: "When you speak of women as economic equals, in many minority homes there is no one to be equal to . . . even when there was a man around, the woman was the only one who could find a job. Women's liberation will not hit the minority woman until she has had the opportunity to stay home. You can't get tired of something you've never had." The problem with the women's liberation movement, she said, is that it "is being led by elitist superwomen who only succeed in turning ordinary women off to the movement."

It was a thought which has never occurred to Lynda Bird Johnson, and BankAmericard's Dee Hock could only shake his head in puzzlement. How could he ever use *that* information in the marketplace? ○

MARCOS AND MARTIAL LAW IN THE PHILIPPINES

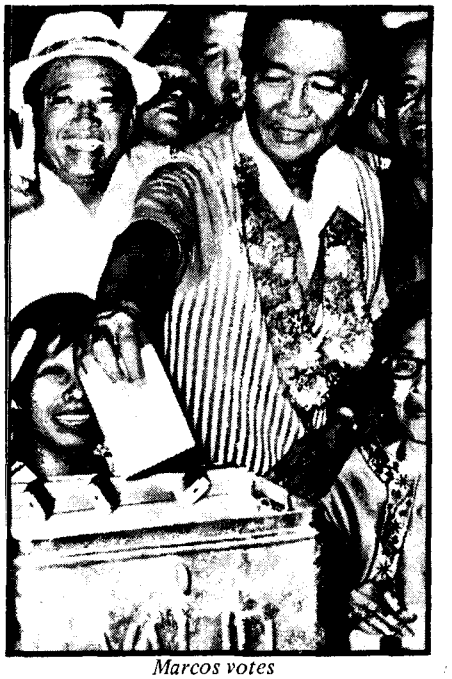
by stephen hart

Former U.S. ambassador to the Philippines, G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams, once noted that "The Philippines is a good place to do business." He was understating the point, for U.S. business in the islands enjoys an 18 percent average rate of profit. According to the president of one U.S. company there, every invested dollar brings $4.67 in return. And American control of the economy is virtually total: the 800-plus U.S. firms with holdings in the Philippines have assets there valued at $2 billion conservatively, and at close to $3 billion by some. The U.S. stake in the Philippines is so large that fully 17 percent of the Manila government's revenue from all sources comes from taxes on U.S. business. And because of the nature of the bi-lateral Laurel-Langely Trade Agreements, which opened the island's economy to U.S. capital 16 years ago, these firms are taxed lightly.

For years an imperfect showplace of transplanted American democracy, the crunch has finally come for the island republic. In the wake of two recent Philippine Supreme Court decisions aimed at loosening the U.S. stranglehold on the economy, and precariously perched atop a domestic political volcano, President Ferdinand Marcos signed martial law into effect on September 23, 1972.

Stephen Hart is an editor of Pacific News Service.

Travel abroad was restricted, and the nation's three airlines placed under government control, as were all utilities. Civil government functions are being supervised by the military. Mass arrests took place, jailing journalists critical of Marcos, politically active young people, and key members of the opposition Liberal Party leadership. Only one newspaper, the Marcos-owned *Daily Express*, was allowed to continue publishing. All dispatches from the Philippines must now be cleared with the newly-created Department of Public Information. In Manila, Philippine Constabulary police walk the streets with U.S.-supplied M-16s, loaded clips in place.



Marcos votes

The martial law decree was signed six hours after an alleged assassination attempt on the life of Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, which failed to harm either him or his armed guards. The latter happened to be in a vehicle driving behind Enrile's official car at the time. Marcos portrayed the "attack" as the culmination of a string of urban violence going back into early summer, and laid blame for it all at the doorstep of the Communist New

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People's Army. But Reichstag fires are not unknown in the Philippines, and word from Manila indicates that few people consider the incident a bona-fide attempted assassination.

[NEW PEOPLE'S ARMY]

The New People's Army, rejuvenated from the ashes of the once-powerful Huks in 1969, does control extensive areas in the impoverished Cagayan River Valley, 300 miles north of Manila, and has begun to spread its influence into many other regions of the Philippines. It says it has over 2,000 full-time guerrillas and 10,000 additional "local guerrilla fighters." Official government estimates concede

Marcos in Philippines

that its strength has doubled in the past six months, and early this year Defense Minister Enrile confirmed the New People's Army claim to have set up 800 village organizations with over 400,000 supporters in 18 of the country's 67 provinces.

But the New People's Army started and remains to date a *rural* revolutionary movement. It's chief ideologue and chairman is Jose Maria Sison, former English professor in Manila, who returned from a trip to the People's Republic of China confident that "Chairman Mao's strategic principle of encircling the cities from the countryside should be assiduously implemented . . . Revolutionary base areas and guerrilla zones must be created in the countryside first. It is here where the enemy has to be defeated before the final seizure of power in the cities."

Alternate explanations for the urban violence have gained wide currency in Manila and are divided along two lines. Some suspect the explosions which have rocked the city are simply extortion attempts against banks and businesses which haven't been paid off: the largest pay-off in the busy history of Philippine extortion

PHOTO COURTESY OF PACIFIC NEWS SERVICE

Marcos' troops storm Univ. of Philippines

recently netted a group of kidnappers over 2 million pesos ($330,000).

Others place responsibility for the Enrile "attack" and the previous "terrorist" tactics on Marcos himself. Ten days before the martial law edict was signed, a statement by the Movement for a Democratic Philippines, one of several legally-constituted groups whose members were rounded up in pre-dawn raids in the week before the 21st, cited Marcos' "grandiose plans to stay further in office as the continued deterioration of the peace and order situation, which he himself is creating, would give him the excuse to declare martial law."

Whoever loaded the camel, the "attack" on Enrile was hardly the straw that broke its back. In a Tokyo news conference following the announcement of martial law, the speaker of the Philippines House of Representatives, Cornelio T. Villereal, admitted that the decision to invoke martial law had been made long before it was promulgated. (He also suggested that martial law was already in effect

Marcos in Washington

on Friday the 22nd, the day of the alleged assassination attempt.)

[AN IRRITATING SUPREME COURT]

The successes of the New People's Army did pose a serious long-term threat to Marcos, but his immediate difficulties arose from different quarters—in particular, from an uncooperative Supreme Court. On August 17, it declared null and void all U.S. citizens' and companies' claims to land in the islands acquired after 1946. An amendment to the U.S.-engineered Philippine Constitution grants Ameri-

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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cans special privileges, amounting to equal rights with Filipinos, in natural resource-based industries and public utilities. The Court's decision also held that such "national" treatment for aliens would co-terminate with the expiration of the Laurel-Langely agreements on July 3, 1974.

Nationalist members of Congress hailed the decision as a "victory for the Filipino people," and Senator Arturo Tolentino called for the confiscation of all property falling under the verdict. Marcos, backed by Manila business interests, suggested a "softer" interpretation. The all-powerful sugar lobby pointed out that 60% of the Philippine sugar crop is guaranteed a U.S. market at better than world market prices. The Philippine sugar quota in the U.S. is normally one million tons; last year an additional 400,000 ton U.S. purchase helped give Manila its first balance of payments surplus in years. In the first seven months of this year, Manila accumulated a $99 million trade deficit, which would have proven catastrophic if the U.S. had cut its Philippine sugar intake in the wake of anti-American confiscations.

In a second major decision, the Court held that no aliens can be employed in businesses operating public utilities, exploiting natural resources, or dealing in rice and corn and in the retail trades. Exactly how many in the huge U.S. business community in the Philippines would fall under these categories is hard to guess, but it would doubtless include some of the more influential American executives in the islands. The most significant sector of U.S. investment in the Philippines is in oil, where officials of Mobil, Esso, Gulf, Caltex, and Getty control combined holdings in excess of $400 million.

On the day Marcos proclaimed martial law, U.S. ambassador to the Philippines, Henry Byroade, spent several hours with the Philippine president. Subsequently, Marcos announced that he was striking down the heart of the two Supreme Court rulings. Specifically, he said that American citizens could dispose of their lands over a long period of time, left rather vague, and that foreigners could act as directors or executives in those businesses which the Court had determined could not employ aliens. Additionally, Marcos took note of the U.S. oil interests by announcing that to explore for oil, foreign firms need only get a government service contract, instead of the formal lease for the land previously required.

Marcos has forbidden any mention of his reversals of the Court decisions to be made in the Philippines. The move was made to assuage U.S. business, and reportedly made known through foreign press outlets only. All publications which would have revealed the story have been banned: among them such "dangerous" publications as *Time, Newsweek,* and the New York *Times.*

[THE VOLCANO HEATS UP]

U.S. domination and exploitation of the Philippines has been particularly one-sided. With the exception of the fabulously wealthy "One Hundred Families" who live in guarded compounds in Manila, Filipinos have long paid a heavy tithe. Only one out of forty families has an annual income above $1,538; 77 percent live on less than $461 a year, and inflation continues to sky-rocket. Two-thirds of those who work the land own none, and have no chance to get any. Overall unemployment is 1.1 million out of a total work force of 12.5 million; and 5 million more of that figure are underemployed. In the words of Senator Ramon V. Mitra, one of the men now jailed under charges of treason, "The causes of dissent, alienation and disillusionment are not wholly ideological. They include hunger, injustice, and the widening gap between the profligate rich and the bone poor."

Urban opposition, complementing the work of the New People's Army, had been getting stronger and stronger. Centered on youth groups, unions, and women's groups, mass organizing was making use of everything from rallies and strikes to revolutionary plays and songs, to counter economic feudalism and growing political repression.

Now Marcos has set up virtual one-man rule. His present second term was due to expire in 1973, and current law forbade him a third. There had been talk of running his wife Imelda against the probable Liberal Party candidate, Benigno Aquino, another one of the "treasonous" opposition leaders in prison. But last fall's national elections reflected intense dislike for Marcos, and six out of eight seats in the Senate up for grabs went to the Liberals. A Constitutional Convention, "whose job was," in the words of University of the Philippines political scientist and Convention Secretary Jose B. Abueva, "to restructure Philippine society peacefully," was toying with the idea of setting up a parliamentary government, under which Marcos, as the leader of his Nacionalista Party, might have been handed the Prime Minister's portfolio. But a strong anti-Marcos radical caucus was active in the Convention, and the outcome of the parliamentary drive was uncertain, as was that of national elections that would have followed to pick a ruling party.

While chances for the nation were only slightly rosier under Aquino and the Liberals, the crisis for Marcos was the impending loss of power. One of the richest men in Asia, it is hard to imagine him sitting back idly, watching others allow piecemeal raids on his and his peers' fortunes. Instead, hints have been disseminated, through Marcos' lieutenants, that it will take two or three years to get things "under control": no elections will be needed next fall to pick Marcos' successor.

After almost one-half century of direct colonial rule, the U.S. granted the Philippines "independence" on the Fourth of July, 1946. In 1962, the Philippine Congress voted to change the day on which they would celebrate their nation's birth to June 12th, the anniversary of the Philippines' declaration of independence from Spain in 1898, and in so doing, gave a hint of their dissatisfaction with being an indentured Cinderella to a wealthy and exploitative neo-colonial step-mother.

Now the dissatisfaction is coming out in the open and President Marcos has reacted in a manner strongly reminiscent of President Diem's early moves in abolishing village heads and setting up his own administrative system in South Vietnam. It is an analogy made even more striking amid reports of U.S. airplanes flying bombing missions against guerrilla strongholds in the Philippines. Marcos may well have cast the die for yet another Vietnam. ○

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CONVERSATIONS WITH THE STEELMILL REBELS

Steelworkers are the sort of workers who were not supposed to like George McGovern. In Pittsburgh, Youngstown, or South Chicago, the typical steelworker is the son of a Catholic immigrant from Eastern Europe. His union, the United Steelworkers of America, took the lead in purging Communists from the labor movement after World War II.

Clearly there is a new mood among rank-and-file workers, as witnessed by the strike at Lordstown, Ohio, against assembly line speed-ups and arbitrary discipline. Still, militancy on the shop floor is not the same thing as a desire for thoroughgoing democracy in society. A common figure in union struggle is the militant rank-and-filer who also hates blacks and resents criticism of the government and its foreign policy.

The steelworkers who speak in the following interview have long agitated for racial equality, peace in Vietnam, and the redistribution of wealth. They are members of the Rank and File Team (RAFT), a national caucus of the steelworkers union with headquarters in Youngstown, Ohio. They work in the Brier Hill mill of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company there.

As members of Local 1462, these men fought for honest elections and to upgrade the position of blacks in the mill. As members of the international union, they supported the Dues Protest Committee of 1956-1960 and its candidate, Donald Rarick, who ran against David J. McDonald for president of the steelworkers in 1957.

RAFT's program includes rank-and-file ratification of contracts, and election, rather than appointment, of staff representatives. It also asks that "each officer return to his home plant and perform one year of uninterrupted work at his old job at least once every four years." RAFT attempted to send delegates to the Labor for Peace conference in St. Louis on June 24 (see RAMPARTS, August 1972) but was told that rank-and-file caucuses were not welcome. Groups like RAFT represent an alternative to both Meany and Meany's bureaucratic opponents, such as Leonard Woodcock. Bill Litch of RAFT plans to run against I. W. Abel, incumbent president of the Steelworkers, in February 1973.

This interview was conducted on February 5 and April 15, 1972. What appears below is condensed from a fuller transcript which will be included in Rank and File: Personal Accounts of Working-Class Organizing, edited by Alice and Staughton Lynd, to be published by Beacon Press in 1973. RAFT can be contacted by writing: RAFT, Box 2221, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

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In Tony Boyle's UMW, the insurgents call themselves Mineworkers for Democracy. These men are steelworkers for democracy.

[EARLY TIMES]

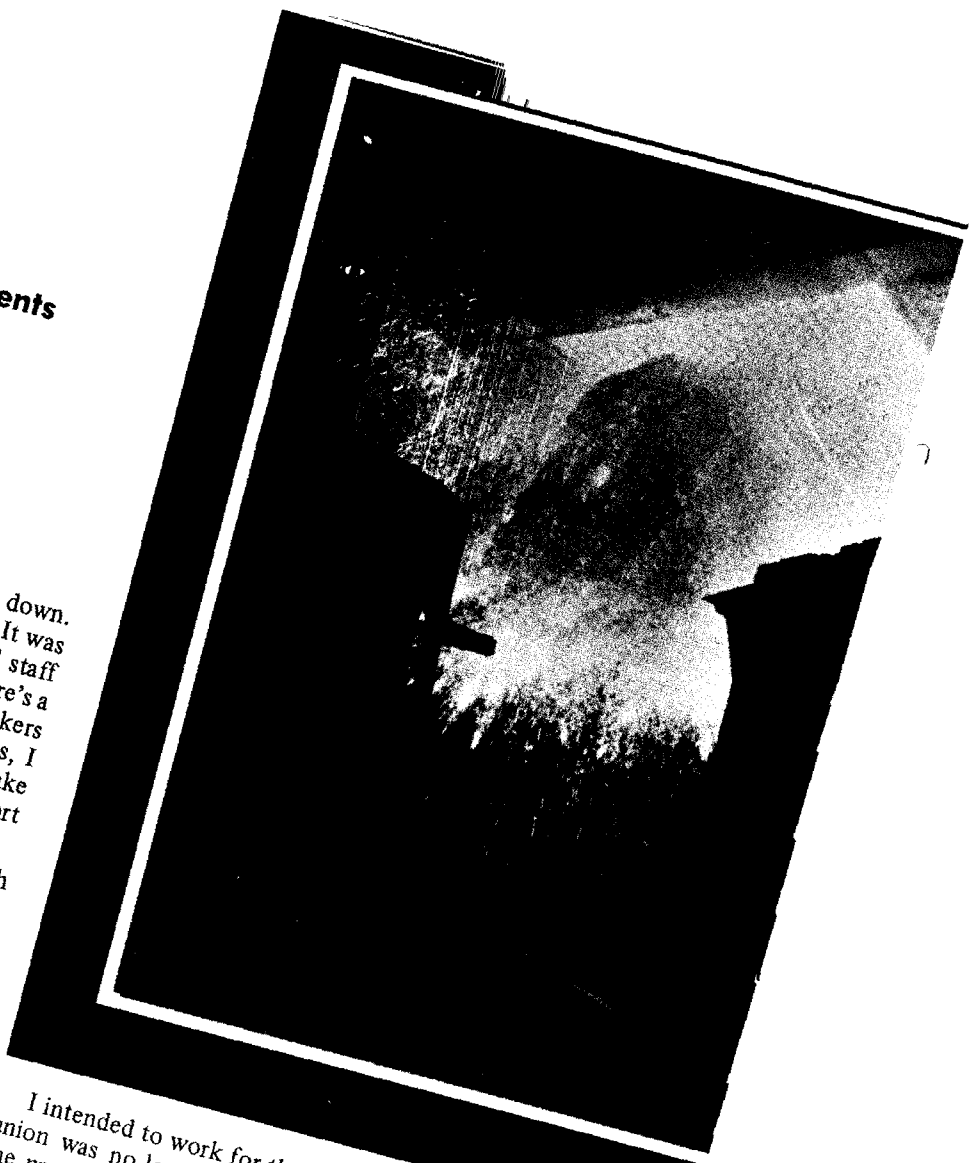
ED MANN: Our union was created from the top down. The steelworkers union came from the mineworkers, and the hierarchy and staff financed by the mineworkers, and they said: "Here's a union. Now you get people to join it." The autoworkers all came out of the mineworkers. And they said: "Here's a union was different: it came from the bottom. This is, I think, why we've been saddled with a "Big Daddy will take care of you, we'll make the decisions, pie in the sky" sort of thing.

This is shown specifically in the rough time we had with honest elections. Fifteen or twenty years ago the man running picked the man counting the votes. We can overcome this now because each side gets its own tellers, which was unheard of before. We feel an honest election is no longer a battle.

But it sticks in our craw not having the right to ratify contracts. The smallest union created today in the city of Youngstown—for example, firemen, nurses, nurses' aides, garbage men—*everybody* ratifies their contract. If your staff man or your international representative doesn't do a good job you send him back to the goddam bargaining table and say, "We want something better." Steelworkers don't have this right. We don't have a right to OK anything. This isn't my union: I'm just working for some staff man who tells me, "Sorry boy, you don't have a grievance."

JOHN BARBERO: I saw the union start, and there was a lot of hope in this valley when it started. My father worked for Republic Steel in Youngstown [Ohio]. He was not political at all, but like many Italians he had a very strong sense of independence. When the union came to town, he joined, and he went out with the others to get recognition for the union. It was a wonder, the difference the [Little Steel] strike made in our house. I have never seen anything like it in American since. A whole town achieved dignity. During the strike, my father was arrested the night of the riot, and blackballed. It was four years before he went back to work, as a result of a Supreme Court decision.

Then World War II came and I joined up. I was sent to Japanese language school and it may have changed my life. Somehow, if you can talk to the soldier you are supposed to be fighting, you no longer hate him. After the war I worked in Japan for two years. I came back here after getting married in Japan, and I went to school.



I intended to work for the union when I got out. But the union was no longer the union we expected. The name of the president of our local was Danny Thomas. The man had at one time been a very good unionist, very militant, a very effective organizer. He was for the people he was serving in the beginning. Many people were pushed around on the job, terrorized by informants. Danny Thomas was somehow able to counter, to put foremen up against the wall and say, "You don't push that old man around again." But somehow, somewhere, that wore off. It was just the way you read about in the teamsters. The local paid all his expenses, even bought tires for his car; and everything voted automatic because of his earlier record.

At every meeting you went to you were "out of order." No matter what you brought up, he had such a well-organized machine it was "sit down and shut up"; and he had the goons in the hall to enforce it. An opposition candidate who asked for the right to speak would be thrown out of the hall. Many times I was the only man who stood on the floor. Then Ed finally came. And we'd raise this point: "Give that man a right to talk."

ED MANN: We had a running battle with that group all through the years.

JOHN BARBERO: All through the years. At that time, I thought in some ways I was a catalyst. I talked to the guys—some of them to this day don't forgive me—broke them away from the machine. I broke up what had been a

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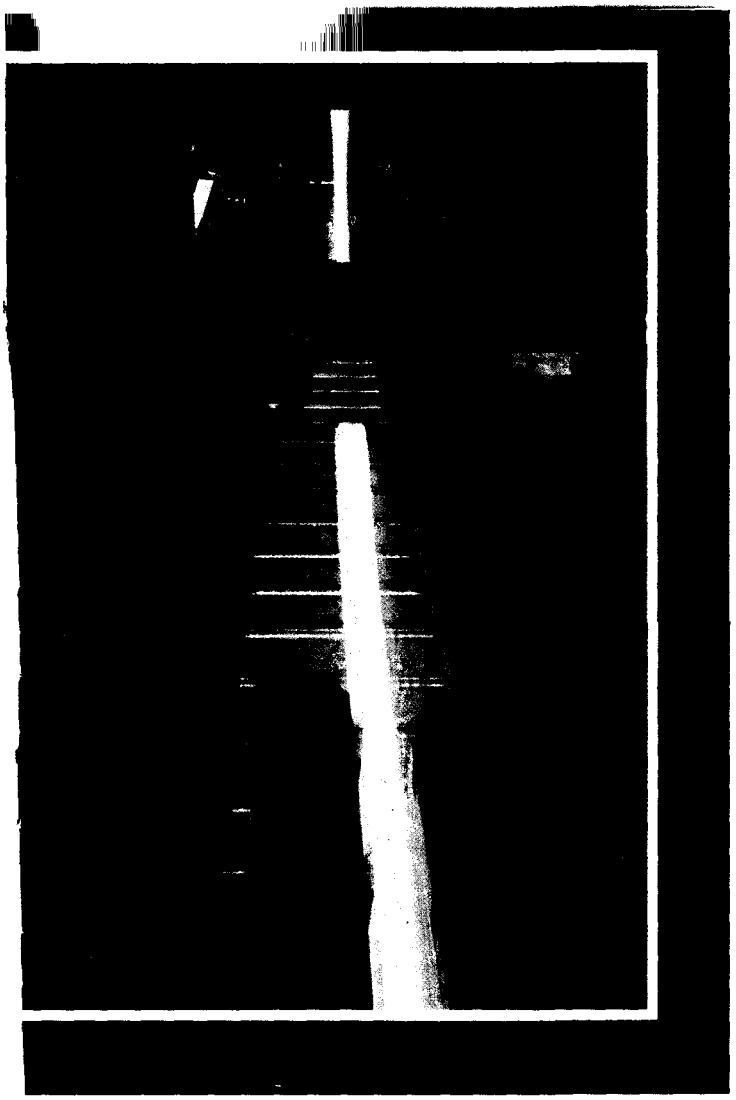

very tight clique. "A man has a right to speak." I told them how brave they were. "You got a right to stand up and talk in your own union. We've got to have a better system than this." And we put that first caucus together. It took guts on the part of people, because they were part of the machine, they were getting a little bit of a dole.

Talking about it several years later I heard the statement that when the Danny Thomases came in, all they had to worry about was the company. They didn't have to worry about the men. But when people like me and Bill Litch became active, you had to worry because the union could get you fired every bit as fast as the company. You had to watch both sides. You were always accused of being anti-union when you got up and made a motion, like on an honest election.

One of the ideas we came in with was the advancement of black workers on the job. Our department, the open hearth, was traditionally all white. But after World War II, many of the returning GIs felt like I did that we fought certain things that we didn't like in Hitler and the Japanese, and we didn't like them here either. We were willing to make this fight here. This got to be the beginning of the Cold War on the union floor. Anybody who would do anything of this sort was immediately suspect as a Communist. The labor gang that I was in was almost all college students at that time. It was called the Red Labor Gang. Yet there was not one Communist in there. But this was the automatic reaction.

In the open hearth we didn't successfully end discrimination until the Kennedy years. Somehow, the same people who harassed the blacks in the Truman and Eisenhower years, under Kennedy their sense was to do the decent thing, accept it and not struggle at all. Our department was desegregated and blacks moved into all the jobs. I didn't hear any complaints at all. This is maybe where the tone of the nation helps. But now, with the recession again, it is an all-white department for all practical purposes except for the few blacks who got in at the early breakthrough. People are getting bumped according to seniority. How does a black person break through and become a machinist when the youngest machinist has thirty years in the plant?

[THE UNITED LABOR PARTY]

In 1948 or 1949, Harry Hurtt of the United Labor Party came to town. It seemed to me that the United Labor Party was the SDS of its day. Very democratic, very free in attitude. They had sent Harry Hurtt to England to study at a school run by the British Labor Party. He married an English girl and brought her back and she thought that we really had a labor party here. In Akron at that time, right after World War II, they had five halls for the United Labor Party.

I think that the United Labor Party came out of the old Independent Labor League, which I don't know too much about. All of them looked to Trotsky. The party chairman turned out to be an FBI agent. He was the only one who paid dues. Nobody else in the United Labor Party ever did.

Harry Hurtt ran for Congress as a rubber worker. Later, we had one more campaign. It was the last election permitted in Ohio before they set up a whole new procedure which made it much more difficult to get on the ballot. We did get a vote of 10,000 in the city of Akron in the year 1950 or thereabouts. But after that, it just became impossible.

The United Labor Party considered itself part of the American movement and wanted to get away from Marxist language. You have a government in American which is almost like a sideshow. Business really runs its own area and the government doesn't interfere. So then government decisions are nullified on the job. How do we bring the constitution into the plant? How do we introduce democracy on the job?

We wanted all these things within our union. Things that we thought were very natural in America, so all of our literature has always been, "Get for America what everybody is supposed to have."

At this time we were trying to get the right to choose our own representatives. Under the Danny Thomas regime

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"At every meeting you were 'out of order.' Thomas had such a well-organized machine it was always 'sit down and shut up': and he had the goons in the hall to enforce it."

every steward was appointed by the president. I remember one of those meetings, the largest one I ever saw at our local. That night they had St. Anthony's Hall, an old Italian church right near the plant, in the Brier Hill area. It seated two thousand people, and the whole place was filled up. Of the 2,500 people who were working there, it seemed that almost everybody came.

Archie Nelson, who was the vice president, was sitting up front with Danny Thomas. Archie tells the story that the hall kept filling up and Danny looked them over and said, "These people aren't here for me." Within five minutes he adjourned the meeting.

We had a commission from the international union come in. Danny had a whole set of minutes written up like a meeting had been conducted. He said that we "were just rowdy and didn't hear it." The commission upheld him.

ED MANN: I think this is where we first got raped and realized it. The president had 200 people at the hearing who perjured themselves for a day's wages.

JOHN BARBERO: All the people who came down were his appointed stewards. It's strange. The money was so little. But a lot of those people picked up a day's lost time out of the local's money. For those few dollars they came down. . . . You just wondered what was this stuff we read about, you know, in American history books—that there is a fair system here.

ED MANN: This is where we woke up. We could no longer believe that we would get a fair shake from the international. To get a fair shake we had to take it. That is the way it is in the steelworkers union.

[THE DUES PROTEST MOVEMENT]

JOHN BARBERO: The dues protest movement grew out of things like this. Every other major steelworker local had experiences like ours—dishonest elections and absolutely no rights on the job.

The issue was strange. The dues went from $3 to $5 a month. This happened at the union convention in Los Angeles [in 1956]. And on the train coming back from California, Donald Rarick started agitating for rescinding the dues increase. He came back to the Pittsburgh area and started there. We picked it up here.

ED MANN: We had membership cards, petitions, in the dues protest.

JOHN BARBERO: We signed them up like hotcakes. They just came in looking for you to sign this thing.

ED MANN: It was like payday. You might have been a laborer, and black, and I might have been a first helper, making $40 a day, and hey, we were buddies. I don't think it was a greedy thing. People resented the international union asking for more money. We don't have the right to strike; so why build up a big strike and defense fund for the international union, when local problems are not being taken care of?

JOHN BARBERO: The thing that impressed me was that the dues increase was insignificant. It was the straw that tied everything together. Dishonest elections, no on-the-job representation, no voice—everything that everybody felt.

Afterwards, Rarick ran against David McDonald for president of the steelworkers.

BILL LITCH: The international union tried to blackball Rarick as a dual unionist.

JOHN BARBERO: Anybody in labor who decides to run against the incumbent immediately becomes a union buster, a dual unionist.

Well, anyway, he lost, and afterwards about twenty people from another local were sitting around a table in a cafeteria. They found out that every man at the table had voted for Rarick. The union had reported more than 2000 votes for McDonald and ten for Rarick—less than were sitting at the table.

Even so, we won some victories with the dues protest. McDonald was taking us down quite a road. The dues protest is the whole reason why the steelworkers is a little freer organization today. We were part of the same pressure that was building up within the teamsters, within the mineworkers—every place else. For democracy.

Through it came the Landrum-Griffin Bill. I don't know, maybe the labor bureaucrats are right in saying that it's anti-union like the Taft-Hartley, but as far as on-the-job democracy is concerned this is the first breath of fresh air that came into the trade union movement.

ED MANN: Right. Especially in elections.

JOHN BARBERO: It didn't mean that rank-and-file groups won—the machine was still better organized—but the rank and file is beginning to feel its oats. We're getting a little more honest guy as a local president. A little more independent. The level is rising.

[RANK-AND-FILE REVOLT]

ED MANN: I can give you a good example of rank-and-file action not connected with elections. We had a man killed in the open hearth three years ago. He had seven days to go to retirement. Two or three months before that I'd filed a grievance, requesting that certain safety features be adopted. The grievance was rejected out of hand. He was killed by a truck backing up. One of the items on the grievance was that trucks backing up have a warning system.

The guy gets killed. Everybody liked him. He's worked there . . . how many years? . . . you know. All right, I led a strike. I had to scream and holler, drag people out by the heels, but I got them out. Shut the place down.

(Continued on page 53)

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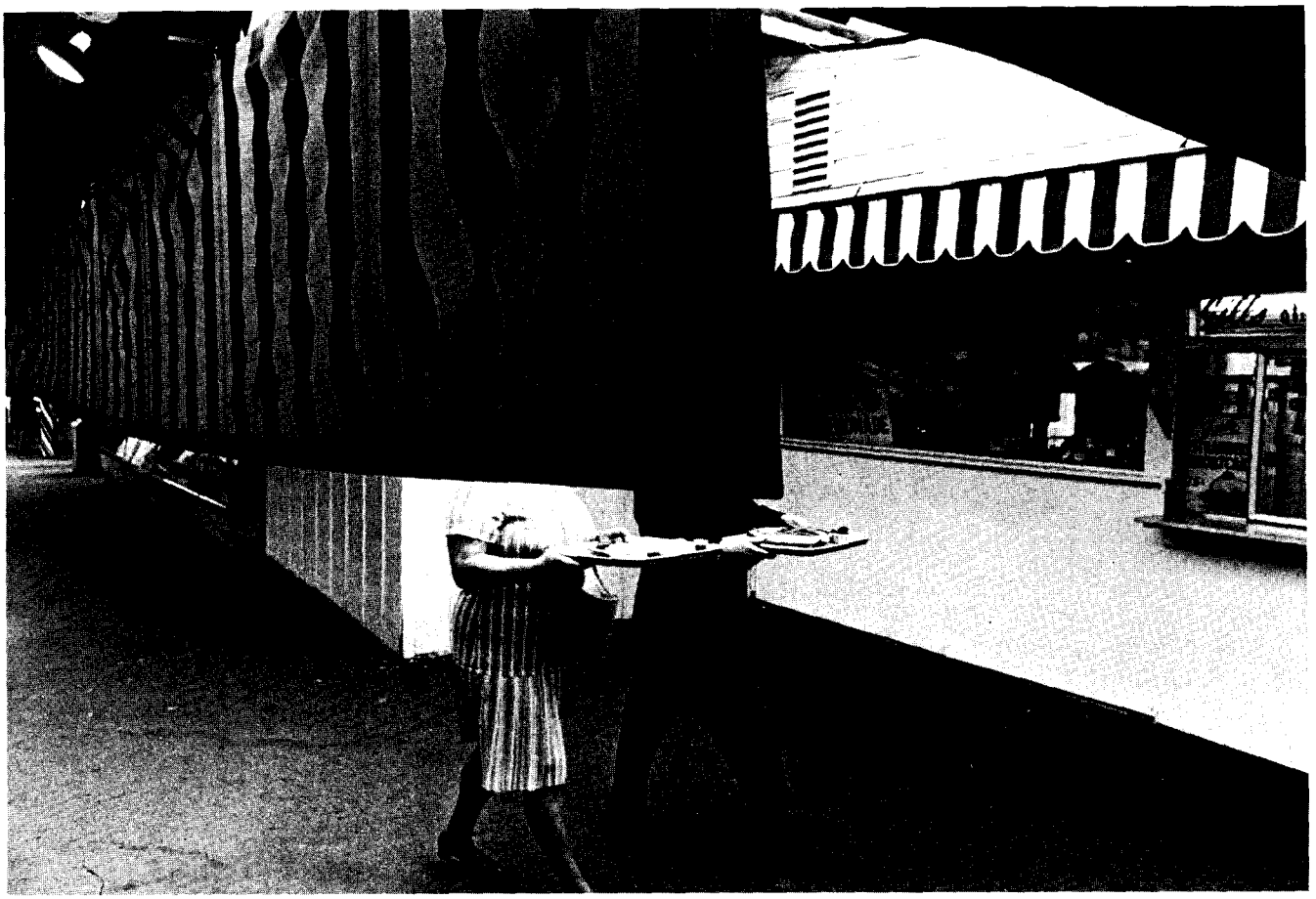

Hollywood Ranch Market

WHO GOES BEGGING IN AMERICA? THE MYTH OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

If you were living in America during the 1950s, there was a theme you heard endlessly repeated: America is the Affluent Society. Television showed it, professors lectured on it, advertising blared it, the government collected statistics to prove it. America—the Affluent Society.

America had the world's largest Gross National Product. America had the world's highest per capita income. America had more cars, more televisions, more telephones than the rest of the world combined. Americans ate better, dressed better, received better educations and better medical care than any other people in the world. They lived in better homes in nicer communities, enjoyed more leisure, travelled more widely than anyone else. And as if this were not enough, life was going to become better still: automation would gradually take over more and more work, and gains in technology and management would remove the vestiges of burdensome responsibilities, leaving us all free to realize our creative potential as human beings.

Today, in the early 1970s, it is hard to find anyone who holds such a completely sanguine vision of America. The sixties reintroduced conflict on a massive scale: war, assassination, riot, and rebellion filled the pages of newspapers. The deaths of a president, a presidential candidate, and a major civil rights leader, plus the deaths of nearly 50,000 Americans in battle are landmarks of the last decade. Widespread poverty and even malnutrition has likewise been rediscovered, dealing a heavy blow to the image of homogeneous affluence. Important cities are said to be in a state of crisis, and there is dark talk of impending massive

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PHOTO ESSAY BY KEN GRAVES

BY RICHARD PARKER

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Auto Exhibit: "Rosemary's Baby Carriage"

ecological disasters. The tone of today's social commentators is one of gnawing doubt rather than unlimited hope.

But surprisingly this new tone of doubt does not represent a rejection or even a serious modification of the earlier hopeful vision of a homogeneously affluent America; instead it represents an amendment or deferment of that vision. The Vietnam War is viewed as an accidental involvement, unconnected to the structure of America. The crisis of the cities is seen as the result of rising expectations and the relative starvation of the public sector of the economy. The ecology crisis is thought to be a direct outgrowth of America's very affluence—that is, a crisis related to overabundant production and the rapacious consumption of natural resources. Even poverty, which would seem to contradict the notion of affluence most directly, is incorporated into the affluence consciousness by its popular acceptance as a crisis of racial minorities—of black, brown, and red Americans. Only racial discrimination excludes them from the general prosperity.

In other words, the basic image of the Affluent Society in the 1970s is still intact. A recent best seller, Charles Reich's *The Greening of America,* even goes so far as to reject issues of economics as passé, and to lump 80% of Americans into the category "Consciousness I," thereby suggesting the uniformity of both their consciousness and their material condition. Another best seller, Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock,* reasserts earlier postwar images of America by resting social analysis on issues of technology and science, and by arguing that the future requires maintaining and managing an already abundant society. (The fact that Toffler is more ambivalent about the future than many earlier writers does not lead him to challenge their basic attitudes.) In academic journals and textbooks one finds much the same thing: on the one hand, an attempt to reevaluate the goals and character of America, but on the other, an almost matter-of-fact acceptance of its middle-class well-being.

The tenacity of this vision is all the more remarkable because some very authoritative critics have rejected it. Paul Samuelson, Nobel laureate in economics, has warned against thinking that America's wealth is broadly shared by the majority. Displaying his special sense for graphic illustration, he observed of the present income structure: "If we made an income pyramid out of a child's blocks, with each layer portraying $1,000 of income, the peak would be far higher than the Eiffel Tower, but almost all of us would be within a yard of the ground."

Samuelson realized that his description ran counter to popular belief, and sought to buttress his position by further elaboration: "In the absence of statistical knowledge, it is understandable that one should form an impression of the American standard of living from the full-page magazine advertisements portraying a jolly American family in an air-conditioned mansion, with a Buick, a station wagon, a motor launch, and all the other good things that go to make up comfortable living. Actually, of course, this sort of life is

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Supermarket

still beyond the grasp of 90 percent of the American public."

Yet in America to be middle class is to have "arrived" for the great majority. Few have the possibility of reaching beyond that point, and in a country specifically founded on the desirability of being middle class, few feel it necessary. However this description is appropriated by all sorts of very different people: those who earn $50,000 a year and those who earn $5,000 a year; by college teachers and corporate executives, and by day laborers and file clerks. The distance between these is obvious, but is daily obscured by the meaninglessness of the term itself. Being middle class can mean comfort bordering on opulence; but it can also mean outright poverty, or deprivation that is only one step removed from poverty.

[RICH AND POOR]

Today, the lower boundary of the American middle class is an income slightly below $4,000 a year, the federal government's definition of poverty for an urban family of four. The upper boundary is more difficult to locate because those who, on the basis of income, are rich compared to most Americans, rarely differentiate themselves. *Fortune* magazine illustrated the difficulty in defining the rich by observing that "a man earning, say, $40,000 a year may be hard to distinguish from a man earning $10,000 or $15,000 a year. He is rarely conspicuous in his consumption or ostentatious in his possessions." *Fortune* notwithstanding, a distinction still exists; whether immediately apparent in his spending patterns, life style, goals, or sense of security, the middle class man earning $40,000 is unalterably distinct from his middle class confrere earning $4,000.

Social scientists, having generally conceded the myth by accepting both men as middle class, have however gone on to differentiate between "upper" and "lower" middle classes. This avoids the awkwardness of using a single term to describe two very divergent kinds of lives. But what exactly is a *lower* as opposed to an *upper* middle class, and how do these two very crudely defined groups relate to the rich and poor who constitute the rest of our society?

For the sake of argument let us presume the following: that the poor constitute the bottom fifth, and the rich, the upper tenth of the population.

Accepting the simple division between the upper and the lower middle class, let us assign the seventy percent by a simple halving. In 1968–the last year for which statistics are available–the upper middle class received 46% of the nation's total money income. In the same year, the lower middle class received 22% or, in other words, less than half the amount received by the upper group.

The situation becomes even more striking if we incorporate the data for rich and poor. According to the Census Bureau, the richest tenth of the country in 1968 received 27% of the money income, while the poorest *fifth* got only

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Goodieland

5%. *Stated slightly differently this means that the richest 10% of Americans in 1968 received more money income than the entire bottom half of the population.* Clearly, economic equality is not a prominent characteristic of contemporary American society.

But inequality of income is only one part of the problem in the myth of the middle class in America. For example, liquid assets—checking and savings accounts, shares in saving-and-loan banks, credit unions, and government savings bonds—are strong measures of a family's cushion against disaster and its ability to plan major investment for the future (such as college education for the children). But in 1969, one fifth of the population owned no liquid assets whatsoever, and nearly half of the population had less than $500. Less than a third had more than $2,000. If a father was suddenly put out of work, if a family member suffered injuries requiring longterm care, or if a child won admission to a prestigious college or university, the carefully gathered savings of a lifetime could be quickly wiped out.

For those who survived the Depression, figures like these may not seem shocking. But few people judge their present prosperity by the standards of thirty years ago. What these figures mean is that for the poor, life is marginal, and for the lower middle class, danger is never far away. Income is annual, and is spent heavily for the day-to-day maintenance of life; liquid assets and debt purchasing are the chief means for the accumulation of comforts, such as additional appliances, a car, or a college education. And debt purchasing, whatever its popularity, can impose not only exorbitant costs in the form of inflated interest charges, but a heavier psychological burden in the loss of a sense of freedom.

[BLUE COLLAR ON THE EDGE]

In the fifties, a great deal of attention was paid to the transition from the primacy of blue-collar work to white-collar work. Sociologists and popular magazines considered it the harbinger of a great social revolution, the movement to the "postindustrial" society. Theorists saw the growth of the service industries as an early sign of the leisure society that was supposed to be just over the horizon. As automation increased, the number of blue-collar jobs would continue to decline, and the service sector would continue to grow.

The thesis was correct as far as it went, but it overlooked two important facts: even if both automation and services continue to expand, there is no way to imagine the disappearance of blue-collar workers in this century; more ominously, income for service workers as a whole is lower than income for blue-collar workers, and by a sizeable amount. In many cases, transition from an industrial to a postindustrial economy may mean not an advance for the lower middle class worker, but simply a lateral movement symbolized by a change in the color of his uniform.

Today there are approximately thirty-five million blue-collar workers in America. As a group they have made

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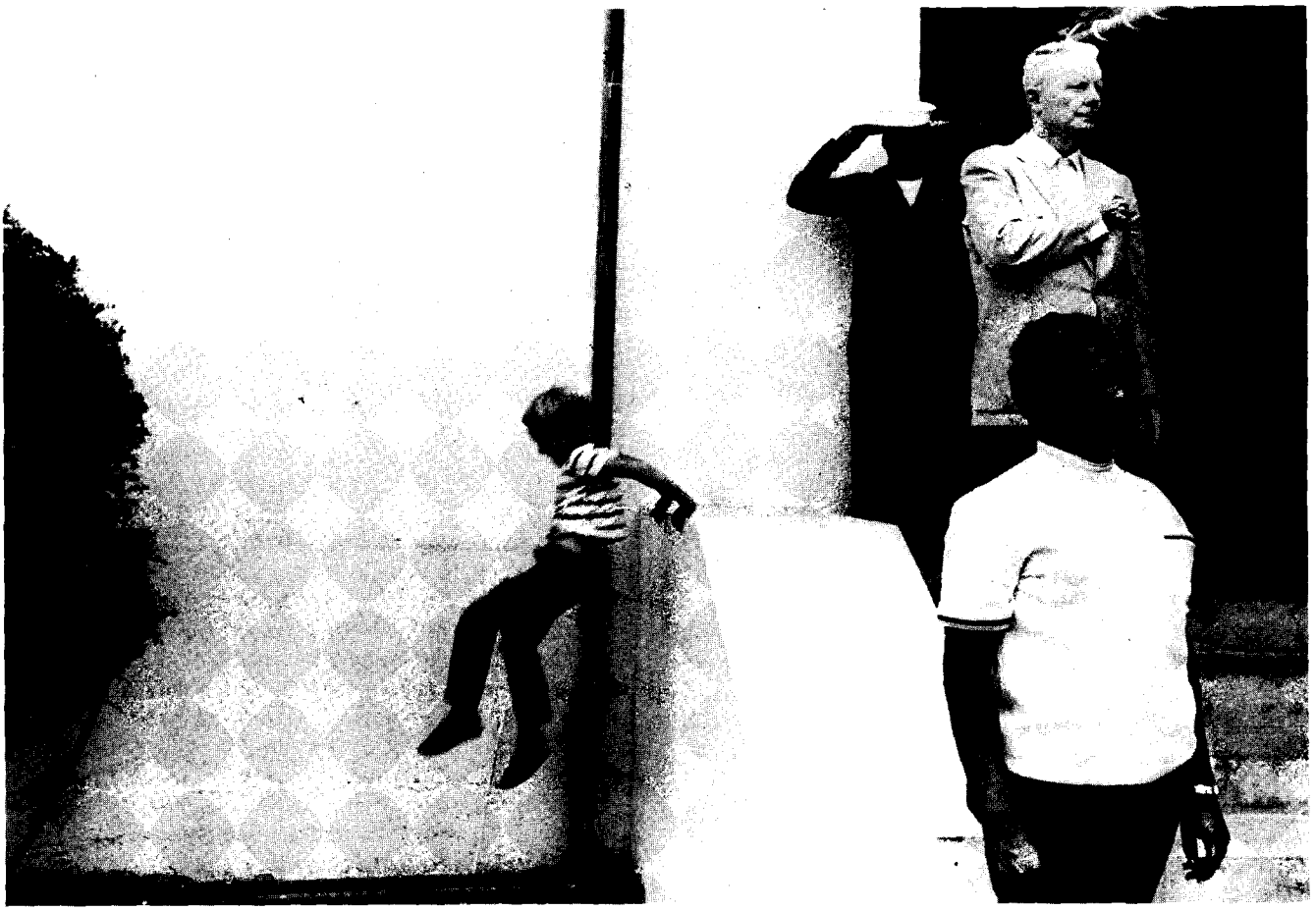

The Great Escape

significant gains since the beginning of this century, gains that have won widespread applause from social reformers and political theorists. But how substantial and enduring are these gains? Industrial sociologist Arthur Shostak, in his recent study *Blue-Collar Life,* has suspicions about the working man's economic status:

> *On a first reading the record encourages admiration for the progress apparently made by blue-collarites. . . . On a second and more careful reading, however, admiration for these gains gives way to concern for their durability.*

Shostak concludes that blue-collar prosperity is precariously supported by heavy installment debt and rapidly declining purchasing power. (The take-home pay of a factory worker was smaller in 1970 than in 1965, because of inflation.) The husband's job is uncertain because of technological displacement and stiffer educational requirements. The wife's role is also unstable, because she frequently has had to enter the labor force in order to provide for the family, and finds the dual life of worker and wife-mother difficult to manage. Even the children, who are supposed to have benefitted from increased educational opportunity, have not been as successful as imagined. "Blue-collar children may spend more years in school," Shostak dourly observes, "but high-quality educational content and not time alone influences postschool achievement."

For the blue-collar worker over forty, there is also the nagging memory of the Depression. Many workers feel equally pressured by unending alterations in their own work. Shostak says that "a vast majority of all manual workers are reveling in their persistent fantasies about escaping the factory, and in their hope that their sons will not follow them into blue-collar work." For those who dwell in the larger cities and in adjoining suburbs, there is the further tension of "encroaching" blacks or other nonwhites. Many times the single debt-free possession of any consequence is the worker's home, and in it he has invested not only his labor but a major portion of his psychic status. To feel constantly pressured from "below," to be constantly reminded of the world from which many came and to which one might so easily return, can be a traumatizing experience for those living on the edge as so many blue-collarites do.

This continuous tension shows itself in many ways. The blue-collarites have a high separation and divorce rate. Their children have high dropout rates and high arrest records. They labor under the weight of "an alarming incidence of little-treated physical and mental illness."

Shostak's study is doubly disturbing not only because it excludes both women and nonwhites—who in general do worse than white male workers economically—but also because, as Shostak himself admits, "these observations . . . refer only to the unique situation of the minority of better-off, modernistic, suburban-dwelling blue-collarites. The vast

(Continued on page 55)

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WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? RACISM IN THE COUNTERCULTURE

There is a deep, unsettling and increasing problem of race-segregation in the "counter-culture." It is one of the open, and unhappy, secrets in the New Left: one which, for several years now, a number of us have tried to hide, transcend or by-pass.

The secret is out: it is something we shall have to find the willingness to talk about and to confront head-on. The exploitation and oppression of the adult world receives its ironical mirror-image in the race-segregation and class-exploitation of the counter-culture: much of this unfortunately, and flagrantly, encouraged by fashionable white authors.

The matter achieves its most specific and most vivid manifestation in the rapidly spreading cancer of the segregated two-thousand-dollar "Free School" for white children. The issue at stake in this is neither abstract nor gratuitous. We hear now every day of small, exquisite Summerhillian replicas in the United States, charging tuition of between two hundred and four hundred dollars monthly. The question is posed, but seldom answered, in straightforward and explicit terms. What does a phrase like "Free School"—or a word, indeed, like "freedom"—come to mean if it can be purveyed alone to those who have the cash, the class and the right pigmentation to buy this kind of insulated option: utopia by ticket of admission only? Is "Free School," then, like jazz, soul-food, work-shirt and cartridge-belt, soon to be lifted up out of the hands and aspirations and symbolic yearnings of the black and poor to become once more the marketable prize of those who have the cash and clever access to be fashionable, rich and innovative at the same time? Lord and Taylor sells the cartridge-belts; does the Summerhill Society now market freedom?

In the past twelve months, after much hesitation, I have begun to raise this issue in various contexts. The manner of self-defense, and even of quite vigorous retaliation, which is adopted very often by those men and women who believe themselves to be in vulnerable positions in regard to the exclusion of poor people, now follows a pattern which appears increasingly predictable. One of my close co-workers speaks of this pattern in the apt, if rather unforgiving, phrase: The Gifted Evasion of the Central Point.

There is a formula that runs somewhat in these terms: "Nobody gives you, men and women who are working in the cities, any bad times for the fact that you have chosen to conduct your labors among the black or Puerto Rican children. In the same way, no one has the right to give us trouble because we have decided to do our work here among white people. Isn't the education of white children of importance also? Isn't the oppression and the exploitation of a poor-white miner's child in Kentucky just as significant, just as regrettable, just as much worthy of our toil and opposition as the exploitation of a black or Puerto Rican child? Is the ghetto the only place where it is honorable or permissible for us to struggle?"

The issue, obviously, as these people know quite well, is *not* the issue of white man vs. black; Kentucky coal-mine vs. South Side of Chicago. The issue, for that matter, is not even rural village vs. urban slum. The issue is far more serious, more obvious and more direct: It is the willful decision, on the part of many serious, well-informed, and otherwise earnest white adults, to build a high-priced pedagogic

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BY JONATHAN KOZOL

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"compound" for the education of their children, in which there will be *neither* blacks *nor* Puerto Ricans, *neither* Chicanos *nor* poor-whites of any stamp or breed or ethnic background. Instead, there will be one race, one style, one economic level only: wealthy, whimsical, academic, self-concerned, all-white.

Serious Free Schools that intend to deal with problems of this character know well, by now, a number of the means by which to obviate these dangers. They know the means by which to draw in diverse portions of the economic and the social spectrum. They also know the ways by which to guarantee the *real participation* of the mothers and the fathers of poor children from the first year onward. They do not *begin* as little colonies of privilege, of self-satisfaction, balance-scales, bare feet—and then, as an ethical afterthought, go out in search of children of the local poor. They *start* by ringing doorbells, going to town meetings, talking with storeowner, factory-laborer, policeman, postman, fisherman, radio-repairman, gas-station manager, welfare mother, priest or minister, farm-worker, garbage-collector, train-conductor, miner, union-organizer, taxi-driver. In such a manner—similar, I think, in its essential operations, to the door-to-door solicitations of the parent-leaders who began the first Free Schools in Boston—they manage to build in democratic process and an exciting mix of class and character, of wealth and academic preparation, from the earliest hour. In many cases, the people who have organized these kinds of serious and democratic schools have found, within two years, that some of their most powerful leaders, most competent organizers and long-lasting backers, boosters, money-hustlers, teachers, emerge from the numbers of those whom they have first enlisted in their ranks by walking door-to-door.

The opposite example is, however, equally important to pin down, if only in order to serve us as an object-lesson in self-segregation. The Free School that first erects its walls, enrolls its children, hires its teachers, establishes its goals, buys its supplies, paints its door, decorates its rooms and lays out cushions on the floor, and then, in the middle of the second or third year, goes out in search of a "more democratic pupil-mix," seldom if ever is able to transcend or overcome its basically aristocratic and self-serving character. Teachers and parents in a number of small Free Schools of white academic origin speak to me, frequently, and with a good deal of distress, of just how difficult it proves to be to draw in any substantial numbers of poor people: "They don't seem to believe that what we do within this school can be of real use to their children. . ."

The poor, of course, are correct in this belief. By the time these Free Schools start to think about a "broader pupil-mix," they already have defined their style in terms so elegant, so whimsical, so anti-serious, and non-combative as to impose a wall of cultural signal flags stronger by far than the strongest chain-link fence that they could put up at the borders of their property.

If schools like this do sometimes manage, despite such powerful but unseen walls, to bring in serious numbers of poor children or, as in some areas like Cambridge, Evanston or St. Paul, children of the blue-collar middle-class, they frequently find the parents of these kids reluctant to participate in something which already has such obvious and

"The rise in sale of pacification literature, such as The Whole Earth Catalog, parallels directly the decline in sales of books by men like Eldridge Cleaver, C. Wright Mills, and Malcolm X."

formidable lines. The *prior definition,* both of the purposes and of the atmosphere within the school, in terms of hand-made sandals, Mexican blouses, in-group jargon, knee-jerk references to certain sets of books and authors and the like, creates uneasiness in the mothers and the fathers of poor children—*an awe and inhibition they do not experience if they have been given an opportunity to share in the creation and the definition of that atmosphere two years before.*

Four years ago, in Boston, it could be said with little fear of imprecision that the single most segregated, and nonpublic, school within a thirty-mile range was an upper-class prep school for rich girls called Dana Hall. In an area plentiful and abounding with exclusive prep schools for rich children, Dana Hall had the remarkable distinction of having admitted no more than six black children into a student population of four hundred. Today, it is bitter and painful to confess, a number of the upper-class Free

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Schools do a more effective job than this of keeping their precincts free from black or lower-class contamination. There is, in this, more than a little cause for sadness; for the children in these kinds of schools are drawn, by and large, from those among the liberal and intellectual upper-middle-class who, if they were still back within the public high schools where they first began, would find themselves in school beside at least a moderate representation of black children, Latin-American children, children of the lower middle-class and of the working-class. In the breed of exclusive Free Schools which their parents now sometimes unwittingly create, they are in a social setting of such whiteness, aristocracy and in-bred excellence of blood and breeding as would do honor to the student population of St. Paul's or Eton of the early 1940s.

These schools are racist, if the word means anything, and ironically, those who create them are doing today just what our old foes, Louise Day Hicks and Governor George Wallace, were doing ten years ago. They do run, are running, and seem content to keep on running racist institutions. The sudden surprise with which they answer us demonstrates too well how bitter and fast the downhill fall has been. They speak, for example, if often with a note of desperation, of "processes of natural decency" and of "organic love" that build up gradually (as they believe) from child to classmate and from friend to friend, embracing at last a whole community of good and decent people in this school, or in this one suburban neighborhood in which they dwell, and then expanding outward (as they say) to take into its realm all people in the neighboring towns, the cities and the nation, and the whole of mankind. Anyone who visits in the Free Schools that proliferate out in the rich suburban areas surrounding Boston and New York, or even more within the mountains of California or in the green hills of Vermont, knows very well that this is not what really happens. Too often, however, they are afraid to say so. They keep right on with all the old cliches and all the old familiar incantations about "process," "love," "community" and "natural organic patterns." Little by little they lose the will to find the line between the denotations of their optimistic words and the bitter truth of straightforward segregation and class-exploitation which they learn to live by.

To certain people, who tell us they are able to "outgrow" the sense of struggle, and to "transcend" their own original concern with social issues like racism and class-exploitation, the fact that they are running segregated and class-insulated schools does not appear to be a matter worth regret or serious discussion. To me, it seems a cause for infinite sadness. Just children, in my own opinion, cannot be educated in an unjust school. Any school, no matter of what character, which constitutes an island of self-interest and of contrived euphoria within a sea of pain, especially one to which admission is, by reason of geography, class or wealth, selective and elite, is not a just school–no matter how experimental, earnest, innovative and enlightened it may strive to be. Segregation remains segregation, class-privilege and economic exploitation remain both privilege and exploitation, whether they exist beneath the traditional banner of George Wallace or under the innovative polysyllables of modern authors. Too many people have fought and died, too many lives have been invested, risked and taken from us, for us to look without alarm, without deep sorrow and a sense of bitter outrage, too, on processes of self-deception of this character. The rise in sale of pacification literature, such as *The Whole Earth Catalog,* which panders to the narcissistic gratification of the children of the ruling class, parallels directly the decline in sales of books by men like Eldridge Cleaver, C. Wright Mills or Malcolm X. Month after month, the counter-culture publications–the obvious examples are *Mother Earth,* the *Modern Utopian,* and *New Schools Exchange* – run photographs of beautiful children learning under ecstatic circumstances in the Free Schools of the West and Southwest. For months at a time, there is not once a photograph of any child who is not white and, also, obviously privileged, well-born, well-fed, and well-rewarded. How can they have forgotten quite so soon?

There are these final points:

1. The casual but remorseless exploitation, by a certain number of white people, of selected items of black rhetoric will just no longer function as a method of self-exculpation and release from clear obligations. Every Free School that now opens up its doors, in the right spirit and at an early stage, to children of black people or of poor people of whatever origin, discovers a vigorous and alert response. So long as there are hundreds of thousands of poor people who still believe in the good faith and straightforward candor even of limited numbers of white people, then it is the obligation of those who labor in this field to see to it that this confidence receives a strong, inventive and risk-taking answer.

2. The intellectual construction by which white women and white men sometimes attempt to justify class-privilege and class-segregation runs somewhat in these terms: "The children of the oppressed classes of this nation need, above all else, to make it *into* power, cash, the system. The children of the oppressor-class, i.e., kids like our own, need to go in just the opposite direction. They do not need to make it *in,* but make it *out.* Each is honorable, legitimate and just. The two, however, are entirely incompatible. . . ."

This kind of presentation is no longer valid. It does not wash because it is no longer true. Dozens of schools now serve the interests of black, white, rich, poor and Spanish-speaking children: people of diverse needs and diverse inclinations. Children who already read when they are six or eight years old do not sit down in classes planned for ten-year-old illiterates. Children who are good in numbers and in mathematical calculations of all kinds do not waste time in classes, or in "crashes," in math-basics. Children who experience little need for paper-credits and traditional credentials do not prepare for College Board Examinations. Those who still believe there is no other way, for now, outside the universities, to shatter the glass and to expropriate the skills, do join in tough crash-sessions of this character.

The important thing, however, is that it should happen in one place and all together. It should happen in camaraderie and in deep sisterhood and brotherhood and shared endeavor. Little by little the two sides tend to move together. The "de-schooled consciousness," so often the

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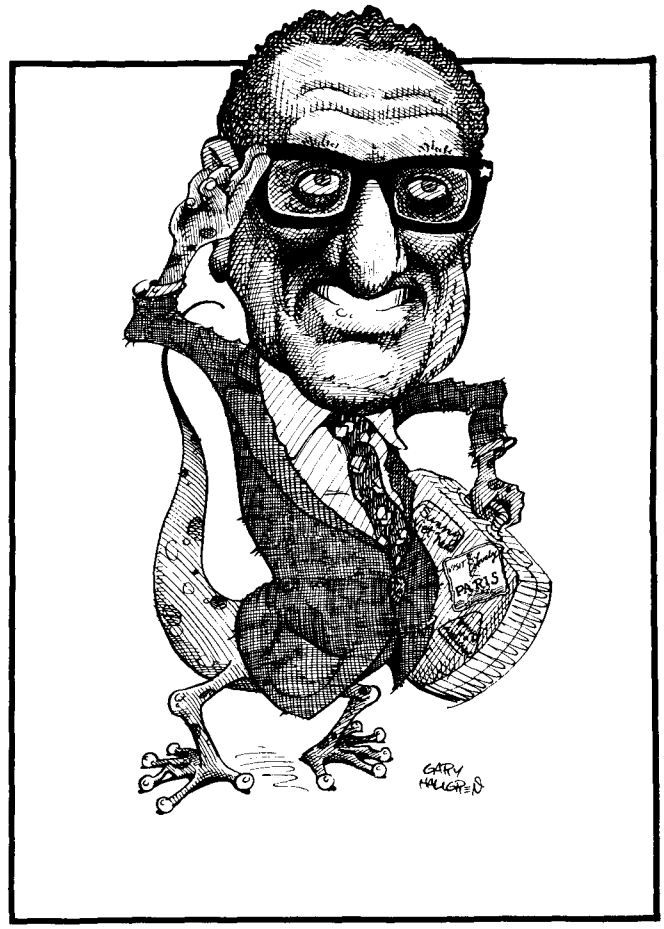
Kissinger:

THE SWINGING SPHINX

Dear Henry: A Confession, by Danielle Hunebelle, Berkeley-Medallion, paper, $1.25.
Kissinger: The Uses of Power, by David Landau, Houghton Mifflin, $5.95.



Most current anatomies of love have been too carnal for my taste. Focusing on cock and cunt, on the thrill of physical conquest, on the transient kick of maleness or femaleness proved, they have failed to celebrate the cerebrality of love. They have tended to overlook the fact that infatuation can be an intellectual exercise motivated by the need to decode another human and pierce through his/her mysteries and contradictions. The polemics of feminism have further obscured the ecstasy of psychological defloration while illuminating the vagaries of physiology. Ironically, it is the French, so renowned for the ways of the flesh, who can restore our perspective by their extremely rational theories of love's process—one of the most cerebral of which was Stendhal's conclusion that "love crystallizes around a sentiment of admiration."

Stendhal's statement is pertinent to the spell that short, ungainly men in power often exercise over women and the public at large. We are compulsively impelled to admire power, and we are equally impelled to decode the working of a magnetic faculty that is highly irrational in nature. Henry Kissinger is a perfect case in point. His ascendance to high post behind the throne is all the more fascinating—because more clandestine and harder to decipher—than power acquired by birthright or election. And the seduction that Henry Kissinger weaves is intensified by the fact that he is the most powerful grey eminence in American history.

Compared to other nations, the United States has been relatively devoid of grey eminences. Wilson's Colonel House and F.D.R.'s Harry Hopkins come to mind. They are small fry compared to the power over history held by Richelieu, Mazarin, and, in our time, Kissinger, who shares with Mazarin the common traits of unctuous charm and a heavy foreign accent. In the masterly fashion of all grey eminences, it is the enigmatic Henry Kissinger, ballet-lover, captain of Nixon's palace guard, sole sex symbol of the barren Nixon entourage, and escort of mascara-laden starlets, who has been most responsible for isolating our chief of state from the weight of public opinion and of appointed branches of government.

Although Kissinger's media image has become as rich and as air-filled as a Bavarian cream puff, only two book-length works have been published on him to date. *Kissinger: The Uses of Power,* by David Landau, a 22-year-old former editor of the *Harvard Crimson,* is an extensive analysis of his ideology, and a remarkably lucid study of the foreign policy that has devolved from it. *Dear Henry: A Confession* is by Danielle Hunebelle, a French journalist with an impressive record of reporting in Indochina, Algeria, and other troubled territory. It is the only public account of a woman's infatuation for Washington's most famous divorcé, and a curious document on the pretensions and confusions of a so-called liberated woman floundering in the pangs of an infatuation that is as old-fashioned as it is Gallically cerebral. I prefer to deal first with Hunebelle's infinitely slighter book, since it would come as a sad letdown after Landau's masterly study.

A few biographical facts: Heinz Alfred Kissinger was born and raised in Fürth, Germany, where his father, a schoolteacher, was harassed by the Nazi regime. He came with his parents to the United States at the age of fifteen and began his undergraduate studies at the City College of New York while working in a brush factory to pay for his education. After serving in the American army he went on to Harvard, where he did his graduate work, summa cum laude, and where he later taught. He is divorced from his only wife, a German-born refugee who bore him two children. His first prominence was achieved by the publication of his book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy.* He

Francine du Plessix Gray is the author of Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism *(Knopf) and* Hawaii: The Sugar-Coated Fortress *(Random House).*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY HALLGREN

by francine du plessix gray

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went on to be adviser to the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and then to presidents.

Ms. Hunebelle's book is a garbled work, hysterically and mawkishly sentimental, yet painstaking in its efforts to decode the teutonic mysteries of Washington's swinging sphinx. "It is the process of trying to understand him," she confesses, "that led to my infatuation." Her heat for Henry is caused by the dialectic of her blind admiration for him and her need to illuminate the mystery of his power. The central enigma that triggers her ardor is the following: Will Henry retain his purity, that "preserved innocence" which she sees as his most striking trait? "He was pure," she gushes with the remarkable distortion that the French can bring to things American, "the fate of the world, world peace and order, were more important to him than himself." Will Henry remain uncorrupted by power?

It has been said repeatedly of Henry Kissinger—stressed by Hunebelle, Landau, and all of his Harvard colleagues—that his voice, rather than his physique, is the mesmerizing agent. Having come to interview him for a magazine profile and a scoop for French television, Hunebelle describes Kissinger, upon their first meeting, as "a stout little man with a worn grey suit." And she notes, with some amusement, that he immediately places himself on a banquette higher than the chair she is seated on, to disguise his shortness. But when she goes on to focus on the timbre of his voice, "warm," "slow," "throaty," "tender," "musical," we know that she is heating up. From her first earful of the professor's Svengalian tones, which "troubles" her "sensually," Danielle fantasizes about Henry in various unexpected places. "Wherever I was, in a studio, an office, my bath, my car, one salon or another, an unfailing emotion turned me back to Henry." Henry reciprocates at first with flirtation, then with *méfiance,* then with a certain heartlessness. At the first stage, Henry acts like a real tease. For Henry is notoriously concerned with his PR image abroad. Danielle is a fairly prominent journalist and—if her own account be true—a good looker. Sensing her adoration, he not only grants her innumerable interviews but also wines and dines her in various D. C. nightspots. A few weeks following their first meeting, after a dinner at the Sans Souci when Henry goes so far as to put his arm along the top of the banquette on which she sits, Danielle senses, returning to her hotel room, all the symptoms of a profound infatuation. "For a very long time, perhaps an hour, I remained immobile against the wall, incapable of the least movement . . . Sexually, I felt indifferent about him . . . I had never imagined that any sort of physical relation whatever could exist between that little man and me . . . and yet a paralyzing sensation held me pressed against the wall . . . he had bewitched me. . . ." Then follows the crucial sentence: "Nothing had happened except in my head." Ah, the cerebrality of love.

Fantasizing that her fervor is in some degree reciprocated, Danielle waits throughout the night for the phone to ring. It does not. A despondent Danielle flies home to her teen-age children in Paris' *seizième arrondissement,* scheming on how to see Henry again. The maudlin, sloppily-groveling infatuation she proceeds to describe is as interesting, from the women's point of view, as her insights into Henry's character. Although constantly flouting her liberated status (she is the mother of two children by two different men, whom she would never "allow" to marry her), she remains as mawkishly servile as a Clarissa. Her ardor for Henry plagues her with palpitations, dizziness, insomnia, inability to eat. She fusses and primps odiously over what to wear the next time she sees him. ("I am tall and slender and in my tailored black Saint Laurent pants suit and Vidal Sassoon hairdo, I would have the so-called Parisian look.") She trembles with rage at news accounts of his dates with the Jill St. Johns. ("They are boring," he will explain, archetypal sexist pig, "they relax me.") She reads the American press daily, following his every move with obsessive precision. At the time of the Cambodian invasion, when Henry's two most trusted advisors resign, the tide of liberal opinion mounts against him, and the Harvard professors whose esteem had been so crucial to him express their outrage, Danielle is filled with no political emotion other than a motherly sentiment of protection. He is "the one closest to her heart," she is "the only one who could put down her life for him." And blah blah.

*Mais c'est un rigolo, ton Kissinger,"** Danielle's television producer guffaws when he sees the half-asleep professor fumbling for his safe combination—his first morning move—on Danielle's half-hour TV special. Indeed, Danielle has gone through some pains to recite to herself, and to us, all the pathetic, ungainly, sometime comical traits of her idol. And these details give us the most intimate glimpse to date of the man who may run U.S. foreign policy for another four years: Henry's revoltingly obsequious "butler's stance" towards Nixon on public occasions. Henry's "white and enormous face," his profile akin to that of "a libidinous bird," "the fatness of his sausage-like fingers." The ugliness of Henry's apartment, which looks like "a hastily assembled dentist's waiting room." The "horrifying disorder" of Henry's bedroom, with its year's worth of dirty laundry spread over two narrow barracks-like beds, more squalid and austere a scene, she says, than any army or prison barracks. The grim character of Henry's former wife, taller than he, a dour, overweight German-born woman who dresses in shabby sweaters and torn stockings and is glimpsed, in her squalid Cambridge flat, throwing a package of macaroni into a pot of water. These recitations of Henry's infelicities are numerous, but bring no palliative. On the contrary, they aggrandize the enigma of his charm, and therefore deepen his mesmeric hold upon Danielle. Even when she senses the semi-tragic loneliness of his power—he is seen dining alone in his office in the White House cellar, "deep in his lair, like an animal, seated before a glass of milk and a hamburger,"—that process of love which is the need to decode another's mystery becomes exacerbated to a hysterical degree.

The Hunebelle-Kissinger relationship devolves upon Henry's shrewdness and his melancholy lack of confidence, which makes him soon fear—not without grounds—that Danielle has been exploiting him for her own material benefits. For all along her ardor has been shabbily tinged with financial motives. Practical Frenchwoman that she is, she has realized how little her compatriots know about *L'Homme Mystère de Washington* and sees big money

* "He's a clown, your Kissinger,"

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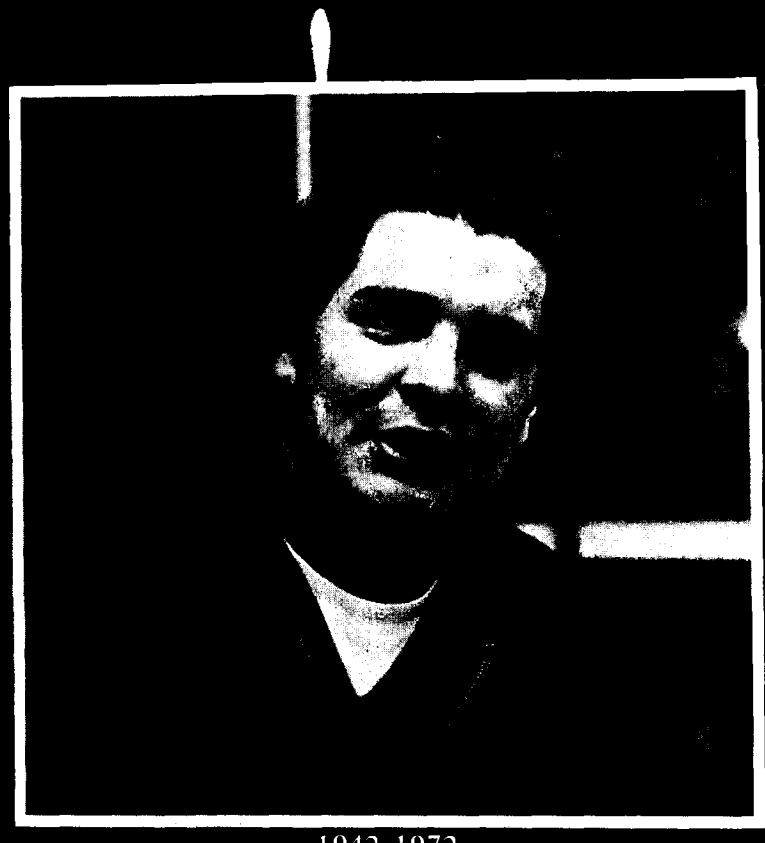

1942–1972

ALCATRAZ IS NOT AN ISLAND

RICHARD OAKES, THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, WAS SHOT TO DEATH ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1972 (SEE PAGE 36). A MOHAWK INDIAN, OAKES HAD BEEN A LEADER OF THE OCCUPATION OF ALCATRAZ BY "INDIANS OF ALL TRIBES" IN THE FALL OF 1969. HE SET DOWN THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE ALCATRAZ EXPERIENCE SHORTLY AFTER HE LEFT THE ISLAND.

I grew up on the St. Regis Reservation in New York, near the Canadian Border. It's a big reservation, six miles square, with three thousand people and three thousand problems. My growing up was hard, as it is for most Indians. The hopes were there, the promises were there, but the means for achieving them weren't forthcoming. I couldn't adjust.

I went to the schools, went to high school until I was sixteen, but the system never offered me anything that had to do with being an Indian. They didn't teach me how to hunt, how to skin deer, how to tan hides. All they wanted me to do was to become a part of the machinery, to make me into what they wanted: a *white* Indian. I wanted to do something for my people. But I didn't know what.

I quit high school in the eleventh grade and went into iron work. My father and uncle taught me the trade. They passed it down, and when I was sixteen, I just started working. I worked all over, living on the reservation and off the reservation. I lived in New York, Massachusetts, the New England states . . . I went where the work was. I was an iron worker for eleven years. I made good money, but beyond that there was nothing.

I was working in Newport, Rhode Island when I decided to go out to California. I was building a bridge at that time, working a long shift. I just decided to go to California, gave up everything, and drove right across country. I wanted to come on out and see the world. It was a great experience. On the way, I stopped at other reservations, stopped here and there and saw the different conditions in which the tribes lived. I had done a lot of reading about Indian people when I was back home, but I saw little of what I'd read about.

by richard oakes

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There was a lot of talk about love and friendship for your fellow man, but I never saw it. What I saw instead was the bickering and barroom fights between the Indians, the constant drinking. Drinking seems to fill a void in the life of many Indians. It takes the place of the singing of a song, the sharing of a song with another tribe, the sharing of experiences that another tribe member might have had. Drinking is used as a way to *create* feelings of some kind where there aren't any. It fills a void, that's all. I saw the end of the rainbow, the wrong end.

When I got to San Francisco, I first took a job as a truckdriver. Then I went to work in Warren's Bar as a bartender. Warren's is an "Indian" bar in the Mission District of the city, where many Indians live, and I got familiar with quite a few of the problems down around that area. There was poor housing. The Indian people found that their own culture was inaccessible to them. They were enslaved by the white economic system and dependent on it in the city, either in the form of welfare or having to work to make someone else rich.

I went to work in a bar, the only sober Indian there. Then I started thinking of going back to school. I had been to Adirondack Community College and Syracuse University when I was working as an iron worker in Syracuse, so thought that coming to San Francisco might offer me the chance to continue. I got the chance to enroll in San Francisco State College in February of '69. At that time, the college was going through a

the only

The only time I really sat down and talked to Richard Oakes was on a crisp November afternoon a week or so after Alcatraz had been invaded and secured. I was doing a story on the occupation, and had hitched a ride to the island on one of the yachts dodging the Coast Guard's half-hearted *cordon sanitaire* to run supplies to the Indians. That was almost exactly three years ago, but I can still remember the terrific surge of optimism on the island. Jumping off the boat onto the dock was like stepping sideways in time into a functioning community inhabited by contemporaries, yet recalling somehow days when the Indian was not yet the white man's ward. Some of the people of Alcatraz sat perched on rocks jutting out into the Bay, fishing with handmade lines, others cooked over open fires or dipped food out of a common pot; in the background the sound of drums and nasal songs in Sioux and Kiowa clashed with rock music from portable radios.

Large numbers of Indians were coming to Alcatraz from all over the country, many of them arriving with satchels and sleeping bags the day I was there. Alcatraz was what they'd been waiting for for many years. It was the moment when the red man finally stepped out from under the white bureaucrat's thumb and took control once again over his own life. Old people from reservations all over the country had gotten into desperately rickity pick-ups and driven thousands of miles just to set foot on this new Indian Territory like pilgrims visiting Mecca. But mainly there were young people—those who dreamed up the invasion and those who followed after them. Most of them had lived at least a part of their lives in the big city ghettoes and felt that they were in danger of being only second-hand Indians. They had grown up between two worlds—the world of their elders, which was dead to them, and the contemporary world where they could live with reconstructed Indian identities not yet born. They had always known there was a problem; Alcatraz was the solution.

Although certain spokesmen had been appointed, this new tribe was officially leaderless, having determined to create a *genuine* Indian community run as in olden times by consensus. But it was clear to me that a young Mohawk, a Richard Oakes, was not only a leader of this movement, but also probably the personification of the spirit of the island. Broad shouldered and husky, wearing a heavy mackinaw to protect against the jagged wind slanting in off the Bay, he had open good looks, an acceptable cockiness, and a crackling smile. Later that day, we escaped to what had once been an exercise yard for the old prison, to talk. We sat there for about an hour, squinting down at the ocean and occasionally getting up to move with the dwindling patches of harsh sunlight. Oakes knew that Alcatraz had become a powerful symbol overnight, but he wanted the seizure to lead somewhere definite. "All my life I've been waiting for something like this," I remember him saying. "It's like being alive for the first time. We've got a toe-hold here, and we're going to spread Alcatraz to wherever there are Indians. Every dirty, lousy reservation is going to become an Alcatraz."

Oakes feared that federal marshals would land any day

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lot of changes itself in the Third World Liberation Strike. In the turmoil, an Ethnic Studies Program was being explored. When I went out there, they asked me to enroll. Through my job in the bar and my contacts in the community, I was able to recruit other students. They came out and we got into State. We started a Native American Studies Program.

I felt that Indians needed attention . . . not tomorrow, or the week after, but today. At about this time, the papers were full of controversy over what to do with Alcatraz. Lamar Hunt was proposing his preposterous plans for some kind of astrodome or space needle. Someone wanted to make it a pigeon-feeding station. There was an offer to turn it into a park, and somebody proposed that the government make it into a cemetery. I thought, "Why the hell make it for the dead? Why not make it for the living? We have a specific need. We need to live too, in our way!"

All of this was going on in the spring of 1969. During this time, while we were still in school, there was a meeting of all the Indian students throughout the state—state college students, university students, students from the Native American Studies Programs. We all got together, and I mentioned it there that taking Alcatraz would be a good thing to do. I announced it to all the students. At that time, they all laughed. However, it was there that one of the older people said, "All you young people, listen: We have been looking forward to this day when there would be some-

jood indian..

to take them by force. He hinted that there were guns on the island, and that a sort of warrior society had constituted itself and was pledged to defend the island against counterattack. But this never came, and over the months the Indians grew used to this strange place, and it to them. It seemed like they'd always been there, and would be there forever. They drew up plans for an Indian university and cultural center, had a sympathetic architectural firm work up an elaborate scale model of the structures, and presented it at one of their almost weekly news conferences. What they wanted was a living monument—an antidote to the Statue of Liberty, at the gateway to the West, where the final atrocities against the Indians had taken place.

But nothing ever came of it. The occupation dragged on as it became clear that the Indians were under a far more subtle seige than they realized. Time, not U.S. marshals with riot clubs, would finally move them off the Rock. Most of the older Indians began to drift back home as plans stalled, and the young people who were left began to turn inward, to stagnate month by month as surely as their elders had for generations. Long before the tragic death of Yvonne Oakes had cast a shadow over their experience, some of the original inhabitants of the island had already left. Things went steadily downhill, and although people who had sympathized with the Indians tried to ignore it, in a few months Alcatraz had as formidable a reputation as when it had been a maximum security prison. Reports of violence, heavy drug use, an atmosphere like that of *Lord of the Flies* drifted to the mainland. On June 11, 1971, when the marshals came only eleven Indians were left.

In many ways, the passing of Alcatraz marked an end to the era that had begun several years earlier with the fish-ins in Washington state, and had grown through the revolution of rising expectations fostered by programs of the Great Society. Indians had in some sense suddenly ceased to be *chic*. Things had changed since the fact that they were captives inside white America had burst in upon the national conscience in the mid-60s, and as the war in Vietnam forced Americans to take a hard look at their history and understand that it was founded on a primal genocide against the red men. Indians had been rediscovered in a hot flash of guilt before and always this same thing had happened: a shocked outcry, a few pieces of remedial legislation, some best-selling books, and then an echoing silence as the rhetoric about the "plight" of the "first Americans" ceased. The guilt passed, having served its obscure purposes, and the Indian's status quo continued—the lands being sold off bit by bit, water rights being embezzled by states thirsty for development, and the future morgaged out each day by the clearing house in Washington, D. C.

After leaving the island, Richard Oakes, like others who had first gone there, was constantly in the news. Although I didn't see him, I heard of him from various friends. After the death of his daughter, he seemed somehow star-crossed. As a mutual friend said, it was like "Richard couldn't get going again." I knew he was obsessed with doing something for Indian people—we had talked about it that day on

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PHOTOS BY ALAN COPELAND

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thing for you to do. You are our leaders."

Well, the idea stayed in the minds of many of the students. I didn't get a chance to meet some of them until much later, many months later. It was at the American Indian Center in San Francisco. We discussed the possibilities of it. We made tentative plans to do it in the summertime, in 1970. However, one fellow had jumped the gun and was already making plans with local reporters to develop the first news release in November 1969. We were supposed to get dressed up in all of their "television costumes" and just make a pass around the island, to *symbolically* claim Alcatraz.

But a lot of us were sick of doing things for the public; so when they sailed around the island, we decided to jump off the ship when it got close to Alcatraz, swim out to the island, and claim it. When we got within two hundred fifty yards, I said, "Come on. Let's go. Let's get it on!" So I left all my stuff in the boat and dove into the water. Four others followed, but they went all the way around the island and jumped when the boat was closer to the dock, on the east side. I jumped when it was way out. The tide was on the ebb, going towards the Golden Gate Bridge. The boats, the main boat and the press boats, well, they just kept going. They went right on by. People on the boats saw me and yelled, "Man overboard, man overboard," but they just kept on going.

Before jumping I felt a great sense of urgency. I felt I had to do it, so I just jumped off. I didn't have time to be scared. I didn't weigh the possibilities of being attacked by a shark or the current taking me across the bay toll-free. It never entered my mind. I was too busy trying to get to the Rock, because that water was cold, and it was swift. I landed just to the left of the dock, on the rocks. I was being dragged in by the waves or the current, or something, underneath the barge. I was exhausted when I hit land. I've done a lot of swimming, but this was the toughest swim I've ever made.

I crawled up on the rocks to rest, and a dog came up and began to lick the salt off my body. I had to get that dog away from me. It just kept licking me up. I found out later that this was

PHOTO BY STEPHEN SHAMES

their "ferocious" guard dog. I found the other four guys. We claimed the island by right of discovery. We represented five different tribes, so we claimed it in the name of the Indians of all the tribes, not just one tribe. That was the first time we used the name which would become our name on the island: "Indians of All Tribes."

When we first discovered Alcatraz, we felt like Christians. The natives were very hostile and savage. After we were there for a couple of hours, their warriors, the Coast Guard, came and took us off. That same night fourteen students from UC Berkeley, some from UC Santa Cruz, and some from San Francisco State College set out again.

It was November 9, 1969, when we spent our first night on Alcatraz. We got a ride over with some Sausalito yachtsmen. We landed at about six o'clock and hid. I guess the caretaker was alerted that we had landed. I think by newsmen. He, his three patrolmen, and their ferocious guard dog came out and tried to find us. There were fourteen of us hiding in the grass, and at times they passed within inches of us. Even with their dog they couldn't detect us. We could see that dog, wagging his tail and barking occasionally. I guess he was used to us by then.

They soon gave up the search, and we split up into three groups, just to be safe. Some of us slept outside and some in the buildings. It was cold that night. The next morning, we did a lot of exploring, looking for food, wood supplies, places to sleep, and generally getting the lay of the land for the next landing. The place was desolate. It was so run down that it was already beginning to feel like a reservation.

We had expected the natives to attack at sunrise, but they didn't. Finally, Thomas Hannon, the GAO's regional administrator for the island (the GAO has responsibility for all U.S. government surplus property), came on with the Coast Guard and a horde of newsmen. The government couldn't find us, but the newsmen did, in one of the cell-blocks where we had spent the night. The Coast Guard offered us a ride off, and at around noon time we went down to the exercise yard for a conference. We went down to the dock and read them our proclamation, claiming the island in the name of Indians of All Tribes and giving them our demands. We again vowed we'd be back.

This time, instead of going back to the Indian Center, I went down to UCLA. We felt that we needed more people and a little more time to think it over. By this time, we were sure that there was nothing to fear. The first two missions had confirmed this. They were like reconnaissance missions, each group returning to confirm that we'd be able to do the job.

I made a speech to the Indian students at UCLA and told them of our experiences, told them that there was nothing to fear. I said that we needed people who would be willing to live out there. I told them that it would mean a great deal to all Indians, and that it would take great dedication on the part of those that came out to stay. Eighty of them decided to come up to San Francisco. On November 20, 1969 we went out to Alcatraz, and

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this time we planned to stay.

Again, we came from Sausalito, and again, we came at night, dispelling the myth that Indians don't attack after dark. This time the Coast Guard put up a blockade. They tried to take our boat that night, but some of us jumped on the Coast Guard boat and told them that if they tried to take our boat, we'd take theirs. They told us to get off the island, and we told them "No. This is Indian Land. Stay clear 200 yards." They got out.

They set up a blockade. They sailed around in circles like the Indians did around wagon trains in movies and in pictures. This went on for a couple of days after that third landing. Also, that night, there were helicopters circling overhead. With the Coast Guard's searchlights and all, it was quite a spectacle.

The little Irish guy, the caretaker, came out and started blowing his bugle. He called up his boss on the phone and said, "The Indians are here, the Indians are here. I think they're here to stay. It's taken them thirty minutes to unload their boat." He told us that we were trespassing, but we just didn't give a damn. We told him that *he* was trespassing, and if he would cooperate, we would set up a Bureau of Caucasian Affairs and make him head of it. He laughed like hell, and later really did help us. He came over to our side.

The blockade was completely ineffective. We expected more people the next morning. Well, that day was just a fine day for sailing. The Sausalito Yacht Club just happened to have a sail that day, and there were so many boats out on the bay that the boats bringing people out to the island were able to slip by under the cover of the yachts. I don't know if the yachting that day was intentional so far as we were concerned, but it was superb!

We needed food and supplies. The blockade was still on that night (November 21), but it didn't stop us. A canoe slipped into the water, went over to San Francisco, and requested some supplies from the people over there. The mercy ship came over that night and beached on the Golden Gate side of the island, where there's a sheer cliff. We made a makeshift ladder and brought up supplies that way. While all of this was going on, someone started a fire on the other side of the island, throwing firebombs at the rocks, to create a diversion. We followed all the rules in the book. Of course the Coast Guard fell for it.

We couldn't have survived without all the people who ran that blockade, especially those first few days, that first week. I guess the people around San Francisco and the Bay Area saw the symbolic gesture of what we were doing, saw just how important this action was. They realized that it could be possible if they would contribute something. And they did, and it was very possible. They made it possible.

Sometimes, especially later, it felt like the monthly commodities coming in for the Indians. You know, surplus food for the Indians. "Here it comes, fellas." We were sent a whole load of cans of goods and drinks containing cyclamates. I remember unloading it. I told them to take it back, and they did. Some of the cans that were given us were spoiled, leaking and probably poisonous. We weren't getting only good stuff out there. We were even getting party dresses, high-heeled shoes, white starched shirts. I even found a tuxedo.

Those were hilarious times. Someone donated a live turkey. That poor turkey. He didn't know what he was getting into. He had a beautiful coloring at first, white and other colors, but he soon turned gray, the color of the concrete. It would have been good if he'd gone into the frying pan, but he didn't. He ended up living off what garbage there was in the dump. Ended up eating glass.

At first we did all of our cooking outside on an open fire. There was a big fire on the dock. The kids would fish for crab, and we would put a big pot on and cook the crab in there. Any fish that we caught were put right in tinfoil and directly into the fire. It was good. Everyone just came and ate the food that was there. There wasn't any sense of mine and yours. Everything belonged to everybody.

We tried our best to set up housing for all the people coming onto the island. We set up a housing committee, a security committee, a school for the children. We appointed a head of security and would elect different people to work on the force. The housing committee would search out the island and find the available spots that were free for anybody to flop down on. Pete Bluecloud set up the kitchen, and he and his wife took great pains to see that it was done well.

We did a lot of singing in those days. I remember the fires at nighttime, the cold of the night, the singing around the campfire of the songs that aren't shared by the white people . . . the songs of friendship, the songs of understanding. We did a lot of singing. We sang into the early hours of the morning. It was beautiful to behold and beautiful to listen to.

A few of us would go off alone and start talking about our experiences on the different reservations, about the more advanced problems and finding solutions to them. The outfit from Alaska would talk about their problems. The fellow from Oklahoma talked about how they got a terrible screwing. We talked of the Creeks and how they were once a great nation.

PHOTO BY ALAN COPELAND

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Pete Bluecloud and I, being the only Mohawks there, would talk about our own Iroquoian problems. We knew we had to keep the Idea of Alcatraz going. We knew we had to bring the experience back home, to the reservations. We vowed to ourselves to keep it going.

About a week after we had taken the island for the third time, the government began to realize that we weren't going to leave. They were dealing with a new breed of Indian. They began to use all kinds of political moves and militant threats to get us off the island.

Thomas Hannon offered to build us another American Indian Center, to replace the one in San Francisco that had mysteriously burned down about two weeks before we seized the island. He said that the Presidio, the Army Base in San Francisco, would be an ideal place for us to have the Indian Center. You know, they wanted to move us back to the fort again, where they could watch us.

We said, "This is our place. This is it. It offers the kind of isolation necessary for the kind of intellectual development we need to build our movement." This movement is one in which we are doing things for ourselves. It was just beginning. We weren't about to give it up.

They told us that we were trespassers and that they could not be responsible for our safety. They stopped delivering water to the island. They turned off the lighthouse and all of the electricity on the island by refusing to service the generator and, finally, made plans to take us off the island by force. We refused to move, and they realized that there wasn't a damned thing they could do about it. By this time, the whole world knew of the Alcatraz invasion, and the government wasn't about to risk its shaky image by evicting us.

After Alcatraz was taken, Indians started coming in from all over. The people that came were not only from the United States. They came from Canada, from Mexico, from South America, from all over. For some, it was the first time that they had met with the people of other tribes, the first time they felt a unity with all Indians. The getting together of all Indians was something undreamed of since the Ghost Dance of 1889.

Alcatraz was symbolic to a lot of people, and it meant something real to a lot of people. There are many old prophecies that speak of the younger people rising up and finding a way for the People to live. The Hopi, the spiritual leaders of the Indian people, have a prophecy that is at least 1200 years old. It says that the People would be pushed off their land from the East to the West, and when they reached the Westernmost tip of America, they would begin to take back the land that was stolen from them.

There was one old man who came on the island. He must have been eighty or ninety years old. When he stepped up onto the dock, he was overjoyed. He stood there for a minute and then said, "At last, I am free!"

Alcatraz was a place where thousands of people had been imprisoned, some of them Indians. We sensed the spirits of the prisoners. At times it was spooky, but mostly the spirit of mercy was in the air. The spirits were free. They mingled with the spirits of the Indians that came on the island and hoped for a better future.

Ironically, Alcatraz was a fitting place for us to take. As I've said before, in many ways it was like a reservation: barren, isolated, devoid of water. When we landed, the place felt full of despair, very hopeless, very uncompromising. It wouldn't yield any kind of harvest at all. The white man has taken all of the productive land, the real Mother Earth. In a sense, the invasion represented the end of the era of the white man's harshness to Mother Earth. All the white man does is spread concrete over the land. There are no vibrations; there's no breath. Nothing can come from our Mother. She has been smothered.

When we got there, Alcatraz was twelve acres of concrete, full of barbed wire. It just looked like an army concentration camp. Coming up from the dock, there was a stair that seemed to go right up into the wall. They were huge stairs, going right to the top of the wall. I think they were made for Giants. Then we had to go across the yard into another long set of stairs to get up to the main cellblock. When you get up there, you either die of exhaustion or come away with massive muscles on your legs.

Walking into Cellblock One reminded me of walking into one of those huge airplane hangars, but when you walked further back, you found that there were no airplanes. Maybe grounded pilots, but no airplanes. We're the only kind of birds that don't fly . . . jailbirds. Jailbirds, wards of the government, prisoners of war . . . what's the difference. Before it was known as the Bureau of Indian Affairs, our "governing agency" was the War Department. We were called "Prisoners of War" then. The two agencies are synonymous. During the Second World War, the Japanese prisoner of war camps were run by the same people that run the BIA. Somebody in Washington probably said, "Hey, this is a natural!" We still consider ourselves prisoners of war. We'll always be at war with the values of this society!

On January 5, 1970, our daughter, Yvonne, fell three stories down a stairwell in the officers' quarters. Two days later she died in a San Francisco hospital. She was just thirteen. About a week before the accident, my wife Anne told me of dreams and feelings of premonition she was having. She was afraid that someone in our family would be hurt if we stayed on the island. She felt that it was time to leave. I had been thinking about leaving to develop the idea of Alcatraz in other places. However, I put her off. I wish I had listened.

Yvonne's death cast an air of gloom over the whole island. It was like a symbol of all the doubts we had hidden from ourselves during the whole Alcatraz experience. There had always been the possibility of failure, as there is in every movement, but we had to suppress this idea in order to survive. This time was the test. It was a time to look inward.

I think we have survived. We passed the test. The sorrow couldn't bring her back. We could only take it and deal with it. Even in death she was still within the circle, the circle of life, our universe.

A few days after Yvonne died we returned to the island to get our clothes and few possessions and left. We had to go. We needed to be away from there. We needed time to gather ourselves together. Leaving the place itself wasn't hard, and we have never left the people.

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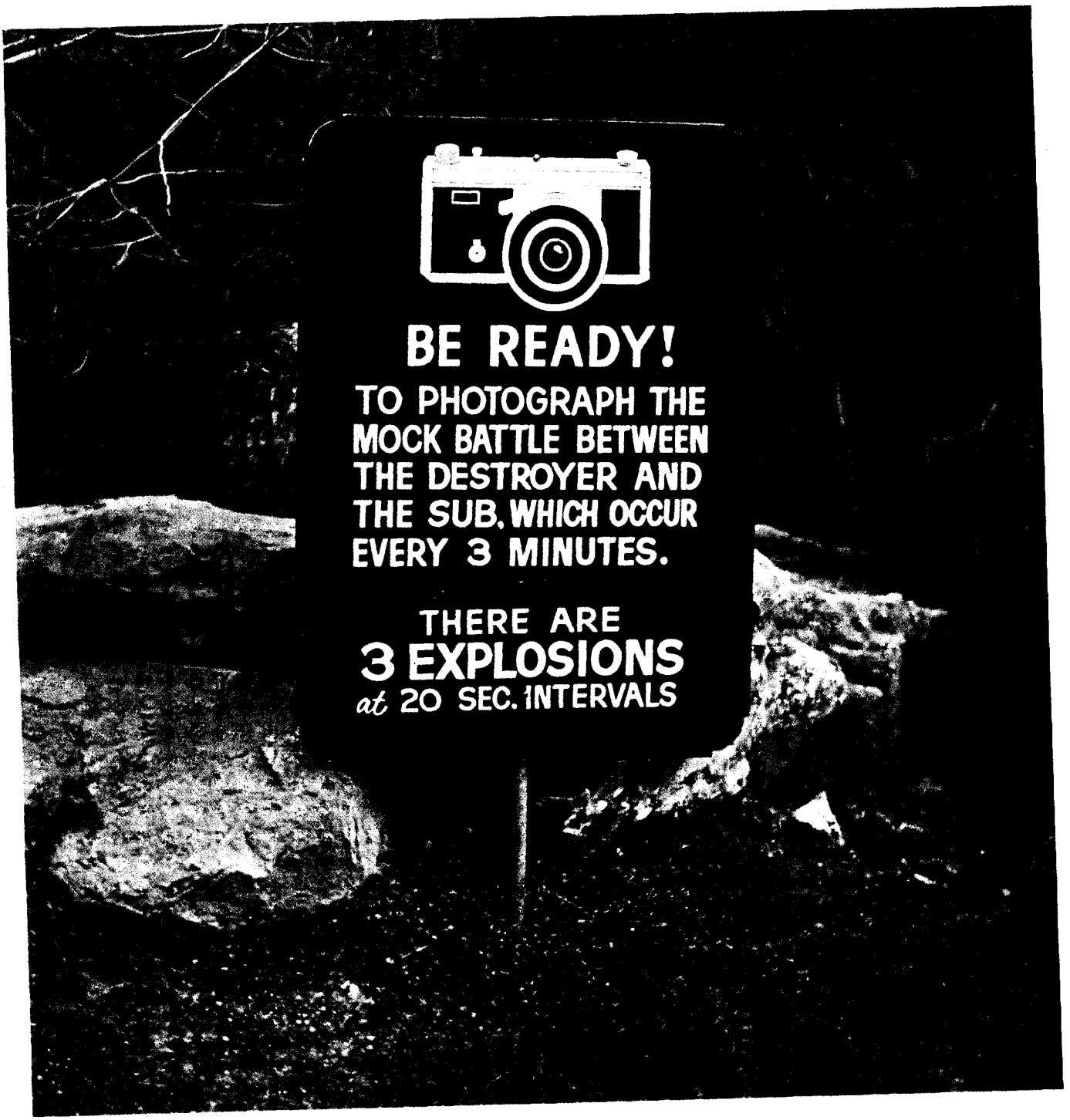
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VAN SCHLEY: SIGNS

These photographs are excerpts from Van Schley's recently published book *Signs*, shot primarily for their visual interest. They also reflect the phenomenon of the incredible information/misinformation overload we are all bombarded with constantly.

Van Schley is a member of Great Balls of Fire, which specializes in documenting the environment. Past projects include articles in *West* magazine on Los Angeles franchise coffee shops, TV Weathermen, and ice cream parlors. Its Telethon division concerns itself with commercial television, using color cassette equipment to tape what America sees on TV. Great Balls of Fire is also guest editing an upcoming issue of the magazine *Radical Software*.

An interview with Van Schley, plus his work, will appear in *Avalanche*, a magazine concerned with the New Art. *Avalanche* is published at 93 Grand Street in New York.

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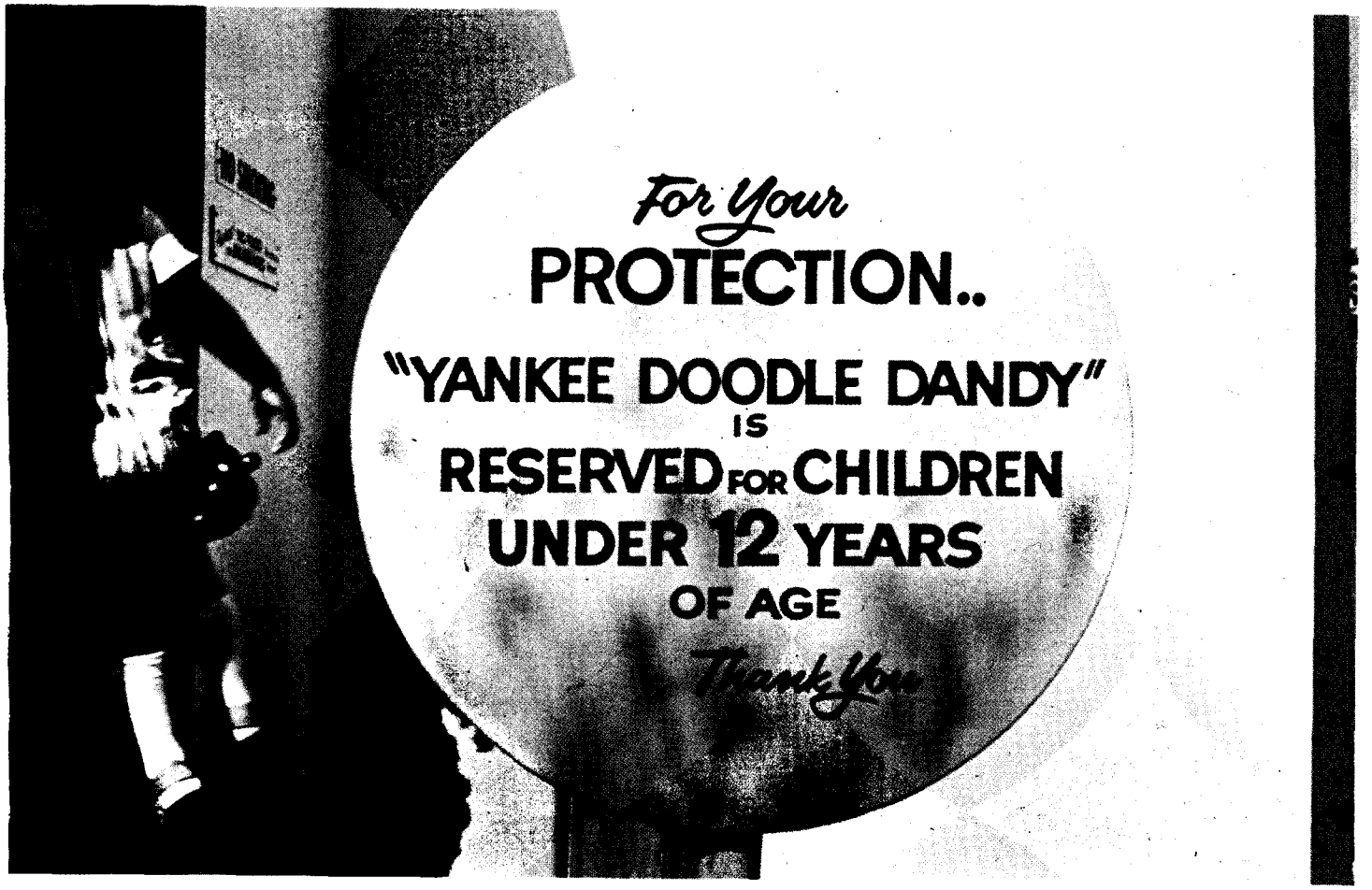

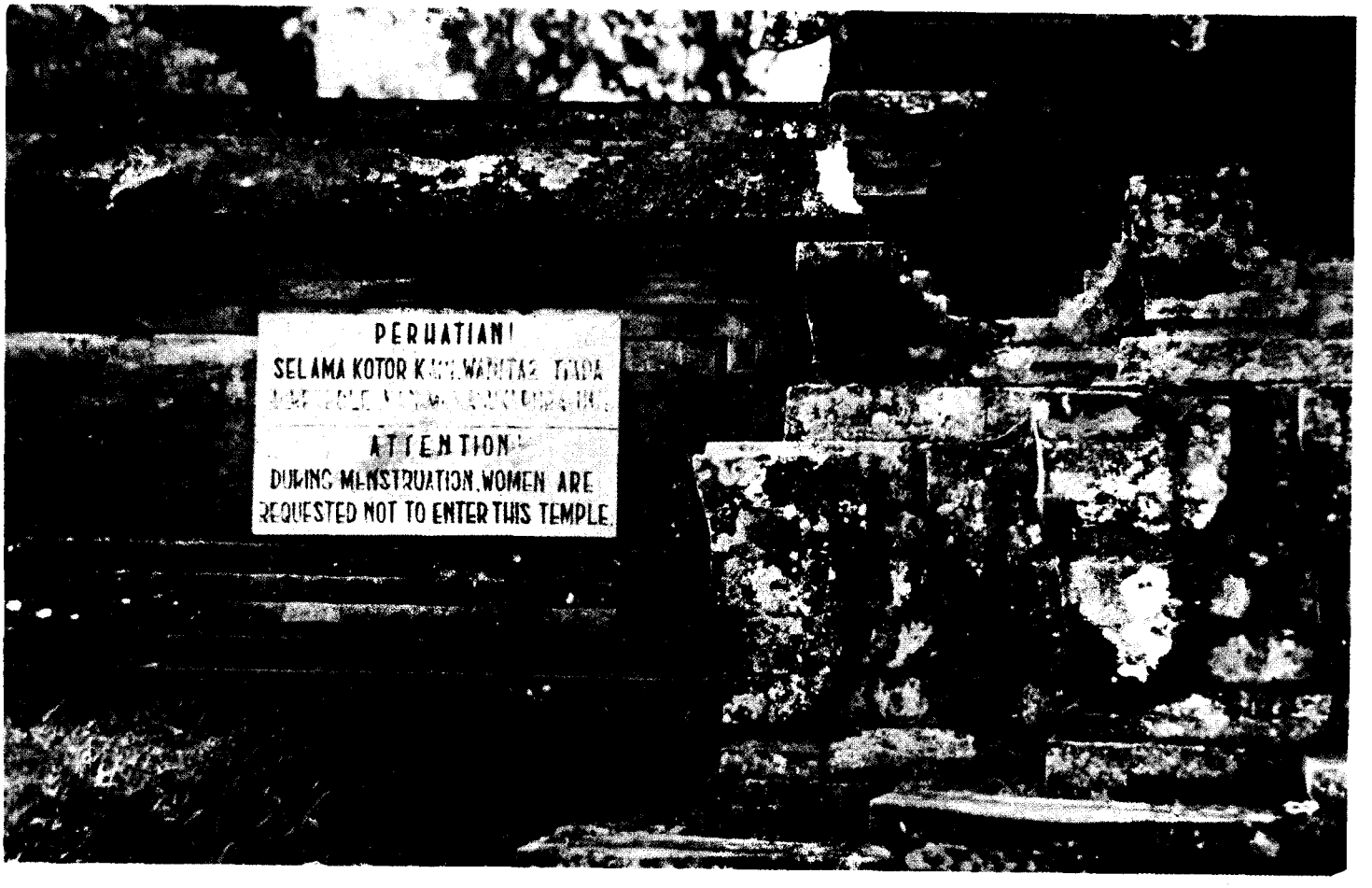

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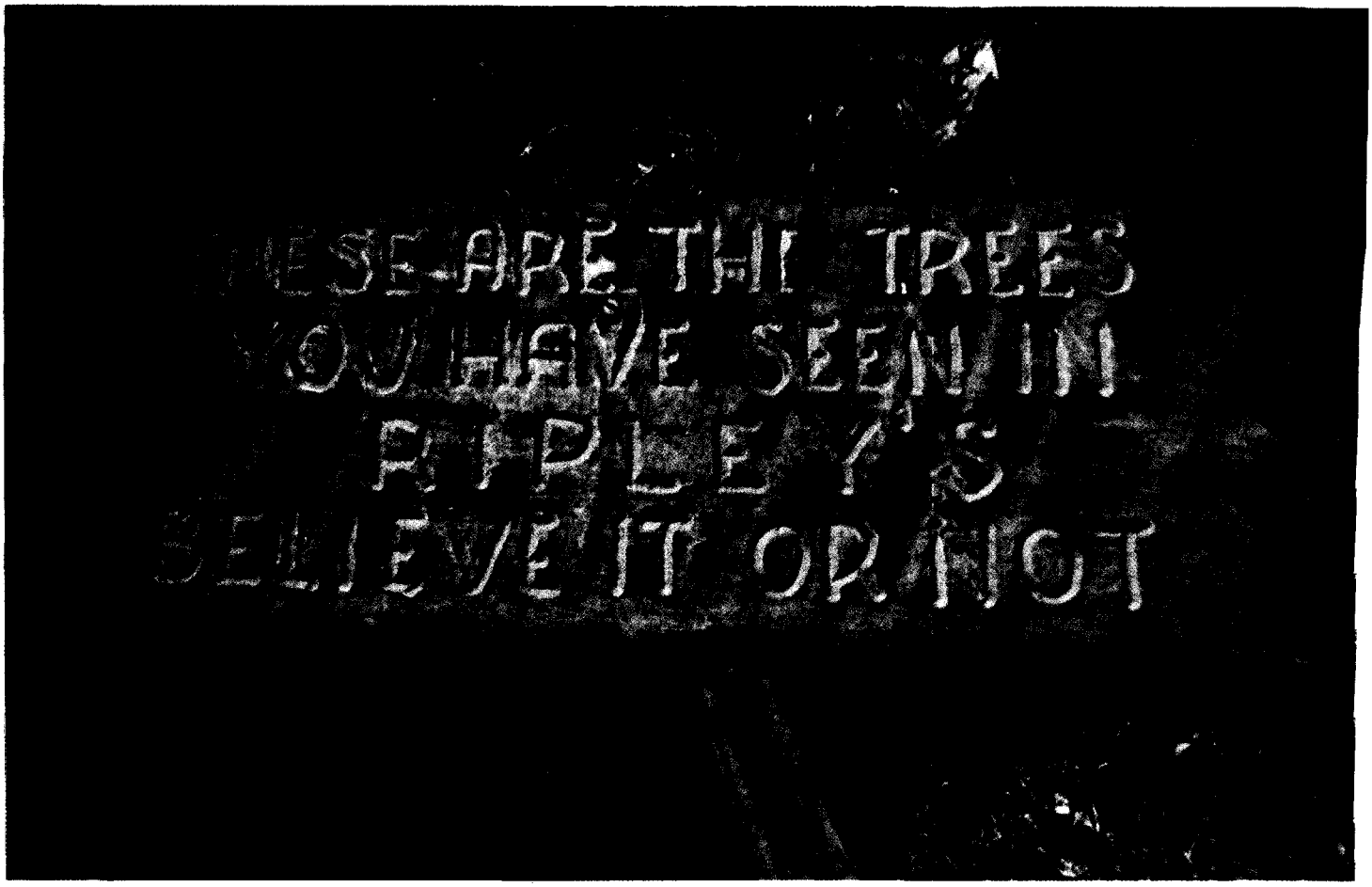

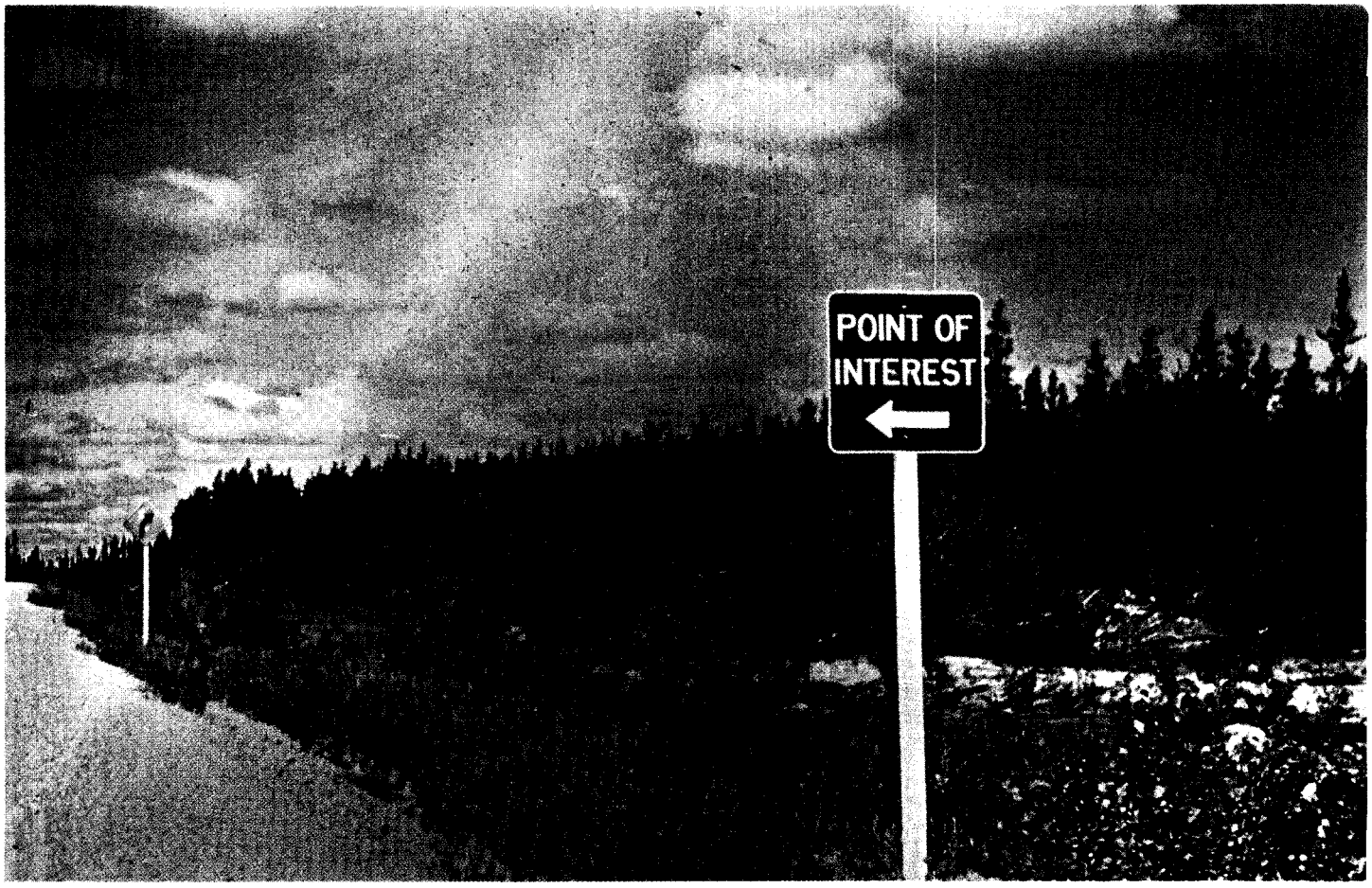

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GERALD HANLEY: AN IRISHMAN IN AFRICA

by judy stone

The first question that Jomo Kenyatta put to Gerald Hanley back in 1962 was, "Where do you come from?"

"I said, 'I've just come from Ireland.' Kenyatta—who later became president of Kenya—turned to the Kikuyu elders in the room and he said, 'This man has come from a country that has known every aspect of colonialism. You name it, they've seen it. The Irish people have been through every single stage that colonialism can produce.' The elders were amazed to learn that there were white men who had been colonized."

In Kenya that year, the Masai bush telegraph swiftly carried the news about the "curious white man who went about stopping old men and asking questions about times so long ago that only a few could remember." Mindful of the ancient Gaelic oral tradition, Hanley wanted to help preserve Masai racial memories before it was too late. He couldn't catch up with one 90-year-old Masai who covered the mountains and marshes like a 20-year old, but finally Marieni Ole Kertella came to him and told him about the past that exists only in the keen memory of a few elders. "He was a marvelous man," Hanley said. "He was a warrior before the white man came. He's seen the whole thing happen: the coming of the white man and the going of the white man."

The transcript of that unique interview is in the appendix of Hanley's fascinating new autobiographical book *Warriors and Strangers*, as well as a very special find, the two "lost" agreements of 1904 and 1911 in which the Masai *loaned* their land to the British in exchange for being let alone to go their own cattle-grazing way. From the vantage of his return trip to Somalia and Kenya in 1962, Hanley offers a compelling look at the gallery of characters he has known—tribesmen, settlers, colonial officials, soldiers—during some traumatic times of transition in East Africa.

Judy Stone edits the daily entertainment section of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Gerald Hanley

The book is infused with what is immediately striking about Hanley himself: his unquenchable curiosity and generosity toward other people, sympathy without sentimentality. I met him three or four times in Dublin; invariably, he was encouraging someone or other to write, praising a new author's first-born novel, offering helpful, unexpected insight into the other fellow's project. A friend of his showed me a cherished old photograph of Hanley looking like a cross between Omar Sharif and Ronald Colman when he was a "British" Major in the Irish Fusiliers—but he was never seduced by that role: "I was an *amateur* officer. I never forgot I was descended from potato eaters." He's a large man with a voice so soft and gentle and civilized when he talks about ancient cultures, old religions and new revolutions, that it's difficult to imagine him as a lion-killer, but he was, once upon a time before he started to think it all out.

Hemingway himself took along Hanley's second novel, *The Year of the Lion*, when he went on safari in Ngorongoro, Tanganyika, in 1953. Later he bought ten copies in Nairobi and told the amazed bookseller to have Hanley call him if he stopped by. When Hanley did, Hemingway said, "C'mon down, kid, the wine's open."

In a recently published fragment of his African Journal, Hemingway tells of reading *The Year of the Lion* very slowly "because it was such a good book I didn't want to finish it . . . an excellent book and very inspiring when you were in the lion-hunting business."

A British critic, John Davenport of *The Observer*, once commented that Hanley's "masculinity reminds one of Hemingway, but emotionally he is more mature." Hanley himself was touched and pleased when he read the Hemingway journal. "He liked the part in my book where the lion charges. 'I'd love to think I had something to do with that,' he said. I told him he had an influence on every one of us writers under 40. He was very good and generous to writers. He also liked a part in my book about the old man worrying about death and wondering if there was a life after death. He talked a lot to me about a fellow named Jimmy Joyce. I didn't know then that Hemingway had been one of the first to recognize *Ulysses* for what it was."

Hanley was off on a long flow of reminiscence. It was the eve of his first visit to the United States and he was looking forward to a big bash with his nephew, playwright William Hanley (*Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*) and his niece, the actress Ellen Hanley; eager to learn what made America "break out" ten years

PHOTO COURTESY ELLEN HANLEY

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ago, fascinated by Malcolm X, wondering how Alex Haley traced his African ancestry, curious about how young American blacks feel about the freedom of Africa, wishing that they particularly would read his new book. He wanted to check out the validity of his theory that dialogue is the American way of revolution: "When there is a scandal in America, they *do* sit around a table and discuss it. They *do* print the Pentagon Papers. I'm not too wide-eyed, of course," he added happily, but he was obviously filled with zest for the next adventure as he must have been when he set out for Africa at 19, a poor kid from "Irish Liverpool."

He had been born there in 1916, that fateful year for the Irish, son of a Dublin printer, descended from a long line of Dublin printers. He had to leave school at 14 because he couldn't afford to continue, became a steelworker, slinging a sledgehammer for four pence an hour, but he also started writing at 16.

"There were four brothers, but only one got an education—Francis, a linguist, he teaches Russian at a Benedictine monastery in London. James, the eldest, is a very good writer. He writes about the sea, he's a better writer than I am, he's a writer's writer."

It was James (*Another World*) and his friend, the writer John Cowper Powys, author of *Wolf Solent*, who set Gerald up with a job in Africa as helper on Willie Powys' 200,000 acre ranch on the slope of Mt. Kenya.

"You lived like the Africans lived. I lived in a grass hut. We had 10,000 head of wild cattle, 20,000 sheep, lions, zebra, game. It was not like any other form of ranching. It was very tough, there were diseases by the hundreds. The first thing I had to do was learn the language and the only way I could learn it was from the Africans. The tribal Africans influenced me enormously. They made me think like mad. There are two kinds of strangers—those who never learn the language and don't want to know and those who are fascinated. I was fascinated. So I learned the tribal language Maru and the lingua franca called Kiswahili and of course, I learned the customs of the tribe. It was a doomed world, a world that's dying. I recognized that quite quickly in 1935. You could see that the next few generations would not be the same."

The experience left him with chronic malaria, incurable nostalgia, and the stuff for a number of novels. In England, some critics compared him to Sir Richard Burton and E. M. Forster. Not only is he a superb storyteller, but his novels provide sharp, unrivaled insight into the breakup of great colonial empires by showing the "colonizers and the colonized" as complex, unromanticized men and women under the impact of revolutionary change. A smart paperback

Hemingway and big game

publisher ought to snap up the republication rights not only to Hemingway's favorite, but to *The Consul at Sunset, Drinkers of Darkness,* and Hanley's other works.

"There is a place every man belongs to forever," he told me. "Mine is East Africa. It's a very strange place. Once you've lived there, you never get over it. You can't describe it, but you try. You *long* to describe it *perfectly*. Isak Dinesen got nearest. Nobody else but Dinesen has got that feel of why you like Africans, of why you learn to respect them, why you want to know all they can tell, once you learn the language, once you've gone into their minds. Then you realize that something's going to be destroyed and they're going to destroy it themselves, the Africans. They want civilization. Once the tribal world comes in touch with it—like Ireland in the 17th century—they're hooked. You start to adapt or die."

Brought up "soaked and indoctrinated" in Irish nationalism, Hanley said that, when he first went to Africa, he was "very conscious of the fact that you can't own anybody else's land. I knew that. I knew the white man couldn't keep a chunk of Africa unless the black man wanted him to."

Then World War II changed the whole scene. Although the Irish Free State was neutral, the Irish clinging to Wolfe Tone's old slogan that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportuntiy," Hanley enlisted—as did 250,000 other anti-Fascist Irishmen. "You know we all wished we'd fought in the Spanish Civil War and didn't. I joined the British Army because politically I felt quite deeply. Then we found out that World War II was really to get Hitler married to Eva Braun." He spent the war years in Somalia and Burma with the 11th East African division. "It was quite strange. The whole division was African. We even had a Congolese medical unit. It was pretty shattering for the Africans to meet modern warfare in a country like Burma. When an African from an obscure village goes into a modern war with bombers and planes and guns and tanks, it was quite a shock. We lived on rations from parachute drops and the Africans had the same rations as the white and Indian troops. When they came back from the war, they had finished with their tribalism and they became politically interested: they realized who they were and they could never go back to where they were. The people who had joined up were no longer the people they had been. They had adopted all kinds of new habits and of course they wanted a new Africa and they began to work for it."

He recalled one incident at the end of the war which illustrated that feeling. "Three white men were waiting to be flown back to Europe and one of the African soldiers, who thought all white men were rich, said to me, 'You're going back to Europe to all the goods, cars and all that. We're

PHOTO BY HANS MALMBERG/BLACK STAR

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going back to a tribe.' They didn't like what they were going back to because it was a poorer life than the one in the army. I said, 'You don't realize it. You're going back to *land*. You have *land*. They have no land. They're going back to work in factories and they don't want to. They'll be lucky if they get jobs." They were staggered by this. They were infected. Once you've got a wrist watch and cigarettes, you want to have it all—you want TV—and I'm for that."

The "infection" in all its varieties fascinated him. Twenty years after the Burma campaign, Hanley wrote *See You in Yasukuni*. "It is a novel about the only Japanese soldier I ever saw surrender, the only deserter from the Japanese army. No Japanese unit ever surrendered, they all committed suicide. But this was a little Japanese who had worked for the Americans and he was infected. He knew that the Emperor wasn't a god and that when he was killed in a battle uselessly, his soul wouldn't go to a place called Yasukuni."

Hanley confessed that he used to be sentimental. "I went to Africa because I thought it was peaceful there. I'm not sentimental now because I realize the Africans didn't want that. A lot of people want a lot of things for a lot of people, which will keep them nice and quiet, but it's what people want themselves that's important. It took me a long time to discover that. You think you know what's right for people because you've read a lot of books and have led a lot of lives but you discover what *you* want for them, what *you* think is good for them, they don't want that. They want what *they* want.

What made him realize it?

"Well, Chri. . . . I have to think. Now wait. Probably in Somalia for the first time. I said to an old chief, 'What do you want?' He said, 'I want to be well-governed, but I want to be left alone.' That's it, isn't it?!" Hanley exclaimed, nodding his head. "That's it! What's interesting about man is that not only does he want good for other people, he wants to be *known* to have done it for them. In other words, to stay there, to govern them, being daddy. I don't think he should do that.

"Once you've taught the apprentice how to use the tools," said Hanley, the daddy of seven himself, "you should be dragged away forcibly and leave them alone, but you want to stay as the daddy who says, 'remember all I've taught you about this.' You want gratitude. You want your medals and your sash. Fascinating, this longing to be remembered for being daddy."

And big Daddy has a lot to answer for. In 1945, Hanley kept a curious eye on African soldiers viewing a film about the liberation of Belsen with its "bulldozed hills of corpses." "I watched the African soldiers when the lights went up and I am certain that many of them were looking at us, the white men, with a strange new kind of eye. They were as appalled as the rest of us by the scenes in Germany, but they had an extra reason for puzzlement, and perhaps they knew that until the white man could manage his own anthropoid passions he should stop feeling superior to blacks merely because he was a white man."

Mau Mau itself, Hanley believes, "was a scream of anthropological rage, a puzzled and bloody turning upon the Christian varieties of religion which the white men themselves did not bother with."

The true story of the Mau Mau has not been written yet, of that he was certain. "I have reservations about all those 'revolting' old tribal customs we heard about. It was to the interest of the white man at that time to denigrate the African. Even now. They *like* to hear about revolting customs. I'm not satisfied about the revolting rituals of the Mau Mau. I'll tell you why I'm not. I was given a printed document by a British officer—an intelligence report—and I know the kind of mentality who wrote this, I know it well. He described a ritual involving a mixture of menstrual blood and semen that took place at a spot called Kibirichia and he calls it a 'Kibirichia cocktail.' Anyone with the mentality to be smart about something as sad as that—*if* it was true—can make you rather cynical. Further, I'm not convinced because the Kikuyu are a very fastidious people and they had a very strong moral code. Now it's true that the Mau Mau wanted to destroy that moral code to make another kind of Kikuyu, but I'm not convinced about these rituals. They may be true. It's not that I don't want to believe it, but

SIGNS
by Van Schley

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we've read war propaganda before. That war was a shattering thing for the Kikuyu people. The Kikuyu weren't supposed to be able to fight. They were never recruited as soldiers, but they fought and the score at the end was 10,000 Kikuyu dead to 33 white men. So I'd like to read more about the Mau Mau, an authoritative book. I was there for six months then and I was shattered by the war myself."

Hanley experienced the same kind of English mentality in India where he worked for the J. Arthur Rank organization and the BBC, and later wrote *The Journey Homeward,* a novel about the struggle for power in a small princely state in 1947, after the departure of the British. When he produced a script about Gandhi and a documentary film on India gaining its freedom, he came in contact with "a certain kind of Englishman who needed to feel that India needed white men to rule it because it had too many caste systems and too many languages."

As for the religious and tribal warfare that erupted in India and Africa after independence, how could an Irishman "preach" about that, he asked.

"The north of Ireland is like an iceberg melting. It was a frozen area. If the Catholics–we'll call them Catholics–the minority–who are really representatives of the original race who were occupied by the settlers–if they'd been black, it would have been much more understandable to the world, this struggle in the north. It was about some people who feel superior to the people they live on top of. Some people need to feel superior, they can't *live* without feeling superior. There must be niggers or wogs or yids or wops or paddies–in order for some people to feel comfortable. Well that's finished now. Of course it's very painful when it ends, very painful, very bloody. It's like the Negroes in the States. Whites didn't want to live next to black men and now plenty of black men don't want to live next to white men. I think it was inevitable, but it's very sad. It's tragic, that black men should feel so aggrieved, so shut out, that they've decided they want their form of apartheid. They don't want to live with whitey. It's tragic but understandable. You've got to be a marvelous person–blacky–to feel aggrieved about whitey and yet to remember that the whitey you're sitting with didn't do that."

Hanley, who reads Arabic and is now researching a book on the slave trade, went on, "The Arabs took the East coast and whitey did the West, but as usual there were black chiefs of black families who sold the black men. The blacks did much of the hunting of the blacks to help the Arabs. It's awkward, it's uncomfortable to look at the facts, but when they're faced, it's easier. Now Islam has got one thing in it–it doesn't give a damn what color you are. I was very interested and touched to learn that Malcolm X was shattered to find, as he was introduced to all the Muslims on his way to Mecca, that he knew nothing about Islam, the meaning of Islam, when he met white Muslims, grey Muslims, yellow-haired Muslims, blue-eyed Muslims. There are all kinds of whiteys and there are all kinds of blackys and brownies. Malcolm finally realized you just can't hate whitey really, and, I think, he got shot for that." ○

CONSCIOUSNESS AS A COMMODITY

by r.g. davis

Ringolevio: A Life Played for Keeps, by Emmett Grogan, Little Brown & Company, $7.95.

Emmett Grogan has blown his cover and is doing the best he can to hold onto the pieces.

The first portion of *Ringolevio,* the heroic adventures of Kenny Wisdom, a 16- or 17-year-old fantasy-Grogan, is unimpeachable. It is a short novella for the kids from the streets of all big cities–the loner, robber, adventurer, planes, Europe, cleverness, trickery, jails, money, sex and all the street wisdom any hippie would love to possess: a HOLLYWOOD MOVIE.

In the second portion, Grogan the writer tells us of Grogan the political activist who originated the Diggers' operations in the Haight-Ashbury, and about 50 other spectacular occurrences. This section is more difficult for Grogan the writer because current events have more than one person in attendance.

Emmet Grogan

Ringolevio, a game of the Brooklyn gutters, is a prisoner-based game and a catchy title. It is useful in describing Kenny Wisdom's cops' and prisoners' life style. Fortunately, Grogan (the writer) doesn't elevate it to a Ringolevio Game Theory of the events from 1966 through 1970 in the Haight.

Even so, the book has enough claim to childish purity and adolescent imagery. The first photo in the large volume is one of a baby with an American flag (didn't Jerry Rubin do that first?) and the last photo is of Grogan himself in leather vest, tight Levi's, cigarette, and wristbands around ready fists, walking on Hester Street.

I read the first 170 pages of Kenny Wisdom's adventures in Brooklyn and in Europe, and I threw the book down. Page 86: "One of the cardinal rules of burglary is that when you go on a job you should never take anything with you that might identify you if you have to split in a hurry and drop everything. . . . A good thief should go in clean, with a new set of clothes with the labels torn out. . . ." The murder-mystery style runs through the exciting Novella. Page 87: "Wisdom left his

R. G. Davis founded the San Francisco Mime Troupe and directed it from 1960 to 1970. He is the author of a forthcoming book on guerrilla theatre.

PHOTO BY BOB CAMPBELL/
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house with his parents thinking that he was going to play ball . . ." Then Wisdom (!) makes three phone calls and scores a big robbery. Page 91: "Most combinations dial to the right for the first number, one full turn to left for the second number . . . (etc.) . . . . None of the codes worked. So he decided that the guy must have a good memory and it had cost Wisdom six minutes to find it out. He had been inside the apartment for twelve or thirteen minutes."

The kid was not only a safe cracker but James Bond cool. Kenny (Grogan as a youth) even does an axe handle bit with two rednecks to flatter any liberal's imagination. A civil rights march in Raleigh, North Carolina, is attacked by rednecks (must have been the same guys who shot Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*). Kenny is in Raleigh to bump off a guy who bum rapped him in Italy. Nevertheless, he stops a moment to do a good turn. Page 160: "Kenny shoved the cleaning kit into the waistband of his corduroys and snuck up behind the guy with the axe handle in the rear of the alley. The other guy was busy trying to kick in some kid's ribs and he didn't notice Kenny take the headache stick away from his partner, but he heard the sound it made when Kenny crushed in the side of his friend's face with it, and he turned just in time to catch a glimpse of the club as it line-drived his jaw into right field. Both of them were on the ground unconscious. Kenny tossed the axe handle down, and told the civil rights activists that it was all right to get up now. . . ." The civil rights kids reject the brutality but a black girl sneaks up and says: "Thank you brother." Movies? Yes, but can Hollywood find a 16 year old with such mastery?

Yet, perhaps it was true? Let us give Grogan the benefit of style and accept all as true. Even then it doesn't work.

The exploits are so tailored to flatter the writer's youth (Kenny is, after all, Grogan, the writer reveals at the end of the book) that one can only read the adolescent fantasy as a fiction. Wisdom is such an impossible amalgam that it fictionalizes Emmett Grogan the character in the second part of the book. The stylistic game play on the reader by Grogan the writer is one of "if you were there, you know; if you weren't there, you don't." Personal attendance flatters the insider, while the outsider can fake it, by accepting the baloney of Grogan to support one's absence from the "scene."

Grogan's attempt to establish the truth of his original innovative insight, his and the Diggers, brings us one step closer to Consciousness as a Commodity. He tells us the "real" story. It even says so in the beginning of the book: "This Book is true." Yet his arguments are contradictory and his "truth" is believable only if you, the reader, were there.

And that's the way the Diggers operated: theirs was a fictional-action or better, anti-materialist materialism. They gave out free food, their first public act in the Panhandle, yet they denied the source. The food then was a miracle, a gift, a right they said—and ultimately, like all miracles, charity. Where it came from? who grew it? or gave it? or lost it? or cooked it? was suppressed for the masses. It was a mysterious occurrence, that only the elite insiders "understood" and now can read.

Despite Grogan's heroic attempt to extricate the Diggers from history and maintain a Medieval Robin Hood pose, history flows on and the Diggers are one part of the cultural movement of the late 1960s (1965 through 1970).

The Diggers were to the Yippies what the Family Dog was to Bill Graham and *Crawdaddy* was to *Rolling Stone*.

Grogan castigates and viciously attacks Abbie Hoffman so thoroughly that we see precisely the delusion in the Digger approach to the world. Their anonymity was as impossible as the idea of "free" in an imperialist society. Grogan calls Abbie and tells him not to print his book *Free*: "Listen, Hoffman, I've been hearin' that you're writing some sort of book, and I wanna tell you, if you print or paraphrase any of those pieces, especially the Hun's (Peter Berg) stuff on theater, without saying that you didn't write those words, we're gonna make you answer for it plenty, understand. And we're not going to consider it a misdemeanor either!" Hoffman came back with words to the effect that it

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was all "free" wasn't it? So how could he or anyone else steal "free?"

Well, the Yippies copped the stuff and ran. They picked up on the essential contradiction that Emmett attempts to hold onto: if it's free, it's free, get it! Just like two old black ladies who used to hang around Berg's Free store (Trip without a Ticket) and pick up the clothes they could hock. When the white Diggers complained, the ladies said, "Well, it's free, honey, ain't it?"

The Yippies ran with the commodities just as the black ladies ran to sell the clothes. When private property is attacked with anti-materialist arguments, it doesn't stop the materialists of consciousness, the Yippies, from picking up the goods and reselling them, just as the black ladies made cash from "free" clothes.

In the cultural climate of the late 1960s, the merchandisers moved rapidly to gobble up innovators. The Diggers began in 1966, a year after the San Francisco Mime Troupe made national headlines about free shows in the parks (with donations) and the Yippies hit big times in 1968. Jann Wenner gave *Crawdaddy* only one year's grace before his *Rolling Stone* moved in and Graham came along on the crest of a bunch of innovators: the Family Dog and the Mime Troupe's radical reputation.

The Yippies, *Rolling Stone* and Graham at the Fillmore have one thing in common: they tend to do the "shit" work. The Yippies did political organizing, rallies, speeches, court trials, jail, press conferences, all those things the Diggers wanted to keep away from because of their claim to anonymity, and spontaneous, organizationless action. Jann Wenner set up a newspaper to receive regular ads from the record industry and made the operation run on time, while *Crawdaddy* was erratically put out and eventually Paul Williams, its editor, went off to a commune. Graham collected the tickets, paid the bills, took care of PR, apple hanging, yelling and screaming, booking and all the stuff that either hipsters wouldn't or couldn't do well. The Family Dog was terrible at business and Chet Helms was a longhair mystic, always running out of money, begging for support without any political savvy. He was pure; he never gave a benefit for a political group; while Graham made a better soup and spooned off the fat.

However one may vent one's spleen on the innovators and merchandisers, as Grogan does with the Yippies and I tend to do with Graham, we must realize that the conditions produced the innovations. The merchandisers move in where contradictions thrive. Merchandisers merchandize that which is saleable, that which the innovator is not selling or taking the opportunity to develop.

The Yippies were not afraid of soiling themselves as Graham was not afraid of doing the "shit" work and of making money. Those of us who were incapable of doing the "shit" work or afraid of the upsurge of possibilities, (i.e., of losing purity) were superceded by the carpetbaggers.

It is true that the carpetbaggers tend to distort the original event. I must agree with Grogan that the stuff Abbie Hoffman printed in books and RAMPARTS was old Digger Communication Company stuff made into a joke, just as Graham cut out the profitless dancing and the social purpose of the early rock/dance/concerts and made them into spectator events. Nevertheless, the Yippies spread the word and the carpetbaggers provided jobs.

The imitators or merchandisers do not pick up the entire original product, but only that which they need to turn stuff into profit. The Consciousness marketeer in the twentieth cen-

A serious anomaly has haunted American development of East Asian studies. They are supported in the hope that better American understanding will help improve relations with East Asian peoples. Yet the relations themselves are seldom studied, with the result that we advance crabwise toward understanding problems we have faced and will face in East Asia.

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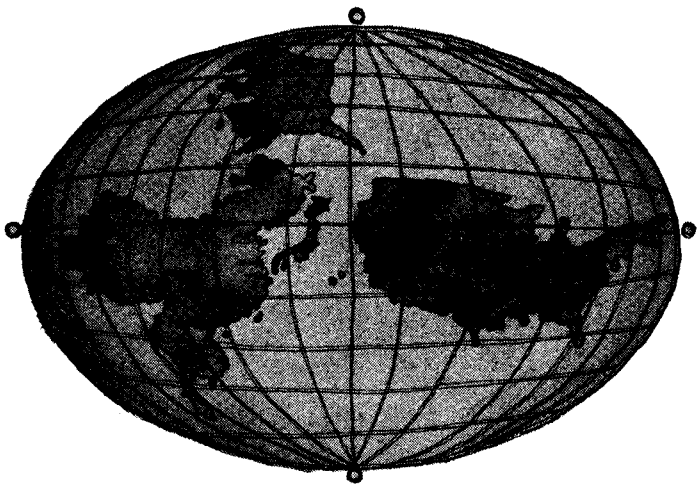

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tury is an electronic heavy, usually a longhair or its equivalent, and one who, like the old style businessman, is prone to "suffer," "apologize" or to "retire." Bill Graham's image of himself in the movie *Fillmore*, besides being hokey, is similar to what Abbie Hoffman did when he "retired from the Movement." Graham poses as a sufferer and hard worker just like all the other millionaires (just count up the dates and names and multiply by a thousand), while Abbie retired at the same time Frank Sinatra bowed out in Las Vegas.

Emmett Grogan's book doesn't teach us how to operate in society because the operators were anonymous heroes, mysterious workers of truth, who got ripped off by the less righteous. The Diggers, and Emmett specifically, remain pure to the end.

Purity is never convincing, even if Proctor and Gamble says so; we are all hip to the contradictions. Nevertheless, if the only events I believe are those I can verify by my own personal experience and the rest is rap, my insight is flattered, my hipness is inflated, and the process makes me one of the "in-group." We are induced to revive our elite status (the reader's elite insight) and simultaneously maintain Grogan as hero, loner in the night, and wolf on the hill.

For those who were not there and did not attend the first Human Be-In, Grogan says there were 300,000 people there, when in fact there were (I was there too) only 20,000. If he says he was approached by Angela Davis as he stone faced Stokely Carmichael in London, at the Dialectics of Liberation Conference, or gave the Panthers the idea for their breakfast program, plus a truck load of food, I wasn't there so I don't believe him. The events are slick, wild and entertaining; his book is not a criticism, self-criticism or historical analysis of the Diggers; rather it is exploit, exploit, exploit. The writer tells of his exploits in the third person to protect the secrecy of his illegal activities and to make Grogan's role appear objective. The results are pretentious.

Emmett the writer tells us about Emmett the character, who after viewing an incident early in the career of the Panthers, at RAMPARTS, says, "Emmett understood what the Panthers were doing and respected them as brothers in the same struggle." Emmett the writer flatters his early Wisdom while the instant perception of Emmett the character is unbelievable. What comparative struggle? The Panthers were a political party with a call to the lumpen proles at their inception. The Diggers were an anonymous, white radical, hip, socially mobile group of longhairs. The Panthers carried guns and showed them; the Diggers hid their guns and never talked of Free Guns. The 10-point program of the Panther Party was not derived from the Digger Papers.

"In the late 1960's the merchandisers moved rapidly to gobble up innovators. The Yippies did political organizing, court trials, jail, all those things the Diggers wanted to keep away from because of their claim to anonymity and spontaneous, organizationless action."

The fatuousness of objectivity increases as real events slip out of the grasp of Emmett's slick raconteur style: "From the moment he found out the details of 'The Dialectics of Liberation' Emmett felt he had a responsibility to attend because the forum was packed solid with hard-core-radical-political careerists, headlined by Stokely Carmichael, and including John Gerassi, Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse, whom Emmett regarded with a respect he holds for few men."

Even objectivity disappears in the latter part of the book when Emmett the character tells of his fear that a New York cop from Kenny Wisdom's youth might arrest Emmett the character for stealing meat for free food: wouldn't that be ironic? It's necessary for Emmett to lift the veil just slightly in case we didn't get the point that this is all him. Like an improvisational comedian, he never completes the character because it might cover his individuality and identity.

The terrible plague of the 1960s was a search for identity. Grogan lost his for a few years and like many of us researched the period to find out what went wrong. He has done the research, shaken the "facts" loose from their historical setting and returned to bolster his image with an individualistic analysis of events. Grogan tells us the history of the Diggers, without any historical sensitivity. His claim to sole responsibility for the Altamont fiasco, stated in a reprint of an article he wrote for the New York *Post* entitled, "It was my fault," denies the collusion of carpetbaggers, rock stars, fascist gangs and twenty do-good organizers. It is difficult to explain oneself, one's program, or one's group in slogans (the pressure of commercials), and sometimes Grogan can't find the hipness to do even that. The book has many details that have to be given a thorough examination—perhaps a Provo, Digger, Yippie, Situationist criss-cross—before anyone can believe or politically use his adolescent, fast-paced novel.

Emmett's book reads like a film script—fast cuts, heroic exploits and macho trips. Fifty years ago the invention of film objectified events and simultaneously made it possible to manipulate "Truth." Modern audiences are extraordinarily placid, for they know film is a fake event. A ray of light through a piece of celluloid onto a screen and it's all manipulated. It will be nice to see the movie of Grogan's tale. Its enlargement will make more obvious than ever that the Digger "Ideology of Failure" was a good old Protestant American event: "If you do good you'll get hurt." No revolutionary ever wrote that. "The good are never defeated because of their kindness, but because of their weakness."

Thanks to the Diggers and their counterparts, the Yippies, The Family Dog, Bill Graham, *Crawdaddy*, *Rolling Stone* and International Corporate Capitalism, we have arrived at a period of total manipulation in which we see and read all events as PR and PR as all events. This totally manipulated universe creates a potential, even a demand, for historical reason. When a people are constantly tricked, historical reason, logical critique and a rational material analysis are the only means left to convince a people to listen, to move.

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MUNICH ON $40 MILLION A DAY

by ted brock

The souvenir kiosks and refreshment stands, which had remained open to serve thousands of visitors on the Day of Terror, were inexplicably closed for the Israeli memorial service. Down on the field, Avery Brundage took advantage of the moratorium to sell a little more of the old snake oil to "every civilized person." It was tough being the Olympics, he said, because all these two-bit peddlers, politicians and savages—these Africans and these terrorists—kept trying to muscle in on a good thing.

As he spoke, new Olympic product Mark Spitz was hurrying toward Hollywood to televise the reminder that his body, like Phyllis Diller's, needs milk. By the time he made his stopover for a press conference in London, it had been reported that officials fearing for his life had spirited

him out of the Olympic Village, and Spitz made sure to preface his post-terror comments with "As an American and as a Jew . . ." No one checked to see whether Milt Sonsky, the javelin thrower from New York, was also aboard the plane.

Ted Brock is a freelance journalist whose work has appeared in Sport *magazine, the San Francisco* Chronicle, *and other periodicals.*

Still-teeming with Olympic Guests—everyone and everything was an Olympia Something in the new *Pidgen Deutsch*—Munich maintained the appearance she had primped so carefully. The Games' ubiquitous logo—Olympic rings and spiral sunburst—replaced the Good Housekeeping seal as the world's most powerful endorsement. Metallic green athlete mannequins in a department store window, running *sans genitalia,* pointed the way to Karlsplatz, where the hungry could feed on Langanese Olympia Cup ice cream and wash it down with Lowenbrau's Olympia Pilsener while learning directions to the grand opening of Munich's first McDonald's.

Time and space dissolved through the tubes of a new porcelain-bright, computerized subway system which, in less than ten minutes, could suck whole trainloads of human bodies from Marienplatz in the center of town to the Olympia Park five miles away. An adventurous spectator could purchase a $10 gymnastics ticket for $50 to $100 in the Marienplatz black market 20 minutes prior to the event and arrive at his seat well before the computerized message board lit up to let him know what he was about to watch.

Outside the sporthalls, street merchants arranged their wares in neat rows. (For them, it was divine justice that the official souvenir outlets were closed on the Day of Mourning. Business tripled following the Memorial Service.) A man with a boxful of windup animals ran his own sidewalk circus, adding new performers as the seasoned ones were sold. Windup Jesus freaks wearing badges that said "Teen Challenge" and "Youth With a Mission" daily combed the grounds in their efforts to recycle lost souls. One of them pondered his own mundane dilemma: his friend Jan Johnson would be competing in the pole vault soon, and reasonably-priced tickets were nowhere to be found.

"Maybe The Lord can get me through the gate," he said. "You know, there *was* a guy in Acts who needed to get from Arabia to Egypt. Philip. The Lord *flew* him there . . . without a reservation . . . ha. . . . You know, Jan's just gonna *kill* those guys in the vault. Jesus can help him over the bar, if he'll just take Jesus into his heart. I believe Jan's one person The Lord can help in a mighty way."

But The Lord was no match for the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which ruled that Americans Johnson and Bob Seagren, the world record holder, were not allowed to use their own poles in the competition. Johnson finished third, Seagren finished second, and Wolfgang Nordwig—the East German who precipitated the ruling with his complaint that the Americans' poles hadn't been on the market long enough to allow

everyone a chance to buy one—rode last year's model to victory.

Munich had spared nothing for this Olympiad, and the Olympic Village—that sanctuary for athletes—seemed overwhelming, a hastily-built housing project destined for rotating hordes of German workers and their families after the Games. (A housing shortage in Munich makes the Olympic Village one of the better public investments on the lot. The sporthalls and stadia, for all their translucent radiance and roller coaster rooflines, are not likely to enjoy such demand in the future.)

Inside the athletes' Village, there was everything from a centrally-located discotheque where a live disc jockey said "Yeah" between records, to a three-story cafeteria which never ran out of every food of the world, to

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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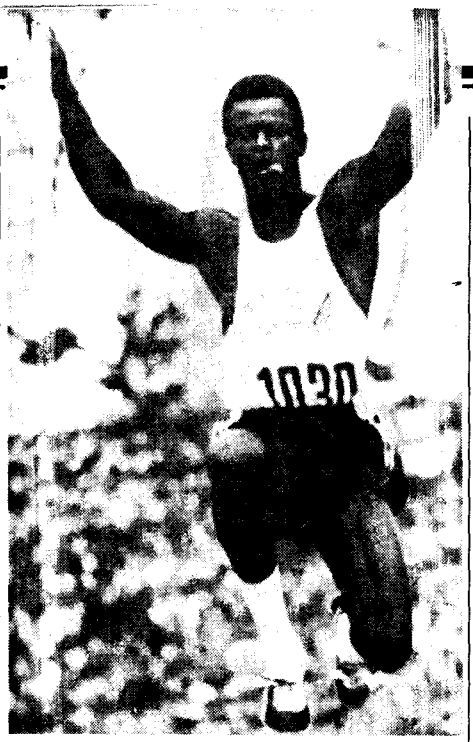
peewee golf courses surrounded by outdoor chessboards with pieces two feet tall. At the center of the complex, West Germany's two major manufacturers of athletic shoes, Puma and Adidas, waged shoe war from their respective shops. These, in turn, became comfortable reception lounges and meeting places for athletes who came at the same time to pick up free sweatsuits and the latest in footwear. The two companies are run by Uwe (Puma) and Adi Dassler, and their sibling rivalry makes for one of the great commercial sidelights of the athletic world. Adidas scored a major off-track victory early in the Games when Mark Spitz intentionally or unintentionally waved a pair of three-striped shoes while still on the victory stand. But Puma may have struck the deciding blow of 1972 when the sharpshooters assigned to lurk outside the Israeli quarters on the Day of Terror were given bright Puma sweatsuits to wear over their bullet-proof vests.

Some members of the American team brought their own flair for advertising to the Village. Kissed by Chap Stick, shaved by Gillette, and clothed in dacron polyester knits by Sears and Roebuck, American athletes were shielded from visitors and pressmen as much as possible early in the Games' schedule (a condition which later died of its own absurd weight). Olga Connally, the team leader and a five-time Olympic discus thrower, charged that they were being treated "like



children" and "denied freedom of speech." Through it all, one group of goodwill ambassadors kept their unique pasteup-lettered sign on display above the door to their dormitory:

U.S.A. CYCLING
TRACK-ROAD OLYMPIC TEAM
IT'S GREAT TO BE
PART OF THE BEST
GO HARDER

No figures—indeed no estimates—have yet been released to tell of the return on the $650 million invested in the 1972 Olympics. Of course, the figure is for the Games themselves, and does not begin to take into account the green mannequins, the ice cream, or the hard work of the lady in the flower shop. By now, everyone must have heard of her in one way or another. She was that weeping figure invoked by the daily press as the shadow of Munich's hopes, post-tragedy. She stood behind the counter in more than one dispatch out of Bavaria, saying, "It was all so beautiful, so happy. *And now this.*" She was invariably an older woman, and the morning paper etched the lines of the 30's and 40's into her coloring-book face. Would the German nation, so poignantly squeezed into this old woman's persona, *ever* wash out that damned spot? Such were the questions asked from Modesto to London, from Paris to Omaha . . .

Few paid any attention, as the Games played themselves out, to the most curious piece in the entire Olympic symphony. It stood just outside the Olympic Village, between the television center and the Volleyball Hall. It was a large diamond-shaped polyhedron with sides of mirrorlike glass. It was suspended by wires attached to tall steel poles which were arranged cubically. It was an arresting piece of decoration, unlike most of the structures here in its apparent lack of function. It never gave off a blinding glare. In a jungle of objects which spoke of purpose, all it did was hang, motionless, reflecting every angle money could buy. Guerrilla terror notwithstanding, it was a diamond as big as The Reich. ○

STEELMILL *(From page 24)*

We went right to the union hall. We appointed a committee immediately. Every area—pit, cranes, floor—was represented. I said, "I want three men from every area to be on this committee. Now, what is wrong in your area?" Before the company could call us, in two hours, we had a list of thirty demands. When they called, we didn't just say, "Goddamn it, Tony got killed and we're shutting it down"; we said, "This is what we want."

JOHN BARBERO: We had the men out; we were meeting almost continuously in our union hall. The company finally agreed to every demand we could think of. We couldn't get the guys back to work! This was strange. You know everybody says, "Labor will strike at the drop of a hat."

KEN DORAN: You know what happened? After they'd been out for three days they agreed, finally, to go back. Then the company announced that the accident was "human error on the part of the worker. . . ."

BILL LITCH: They were going to go back at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Everybody was getting ready to go back. When they heard this, they all came back to the union hall and stayed out another day. Finally the company retracted its statement.

ED MANN: Anyway, we got what we wanted. We kept the committee in force. Then our local president cut this committee out about three months later. But it worked for the time it existed. They still talk about it.

BOB LEWIS: I came to work in 1950. We had a lot of strikes, walkouts in individual departments. Now I think the average worker *feels* that he can't strike. It's in his mind.

ED MANN: That he'll be fired, that the union will see to it that he'll be fired. . . . I think that we've got too much contract. You hate to look back, you hate to be a guy who talks about the good old days, but I think the IWW had a darn good idea when they said, "Well, we'll settle these things as they arise." I think we've got to get back to a little workers' rights. Let's say I'm in the research department of the international union. How can I say what's good for that guy shoveling his ass off in the open hearth? First of all, I probably don't know what the open hearth is all about. Secondly, if I ever did work there I've put it out of my mind, because I've got it made now.

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One of John's points is that anybody who works for the union, on a staff level or any level, must work in that mill at least once every four years. To find out what it's all about again. Because, like I said before, nobody's looking back.

BILL LITCH: Doesn't it go back to the old saying that the union is to rise with you, and not above you?

ED MANN: I don't know, from being in it all these years, there's a lot of things that I think I might rather do; but I feel that the union is still the best place for a man to express himself. In other words, where else.... You can talk to people. You can put out leaflets. You can agitate. You can start an organization like RAFT. I can get up on a soap box in the washroom and say whatever I please. I still have this freedom. Whether it gets much results or not, I don't know. But I still have this freedom, which I don't see white collar people having. I see that workers, if they would exercise it, still have a hell of a lot of freedom.

JOHN BARBERO: I have a problem that I'm always wondering about. Say you are for socialism, but you're selling it as "democracy" or "fairness." The fact that you don't sell it openly means that no education goes on in the process. The problem for rank and filers is that in every election you say, "We can do more for you than the other guy." Somehow there is no education–just appealing to the selfish interests of the individual, primarily economic. I've seen Trotskyists and Communists who, when they got to be union officers, actually were very good because they could read the contract better. But they never sold Trotskyism, they never sold Communism. The only people who knew that they were Communists were the FBI and not the people. Nobody was ever educated in the process.

When a friend of mine from the United Labor Party and I get together we always kid each other, "My fellow failure." Many of our friends have gone on to the U.S. Steel office, or the NAACP, or, or course, the union bureaucracy. You ask the question: Have we done anything?

I look over racism. We were the first of the children of the foreign born who went at least through high school. We suffered discrimination. But racism may be worse in our society today than when I came out of high school. It's more open, deeper. I wonder after all these years. I am sure that we will keep working at it. But other forces, the divisive forces, are much bigger and have done a better job.

Still, Bill Litch, I, Eddie Mann are lucky. We were down in Akron talking to Marie Wagner the other Sunday because she is sick and we figured that we better see her. Somebody you love, you don't just let go so easily. She asked me, "Do you have another person in the local that you talk to?" It turns out that we are lucky in our local. Ed has always been there. He fights things, you wonder where the commitment comes from. We are lucky. Our local is sort of odd. It had a fighting tradition before we came there. Even though we have had our layoffs, somehow we have forever had a rebel group coming up in our local. She asked me, "Do you have one other person?" I said, "We have twenty." Going back to the honest election fights. You could recognize them as they came up to vote and you know that they are working for you and the plant. Even with all they've been redbaited, and they're not reds. Somehow this has formed a common bond. ○

RECORDS

by dick lupoff

NATIONAL LAMPOON: RADIO DINNER [*Blue Thumb*]

A comedy album put together by the staff of the successful humor magazine, *Radio Breakfast* contains a mixed set of tracks. Some are overlong, strained, or merely in bad taste. But others range from the amusing to the brilliant. "Deteriorata," read by Norman Rose against a choir of cardboard angels, is a perfect parody of the syrupy "Desiderata," and parodies of John Lennon, Dylan, and Joan Baez all strike home.

Some thoughtful editing would have made this a far better album than it is, but even so it's worthwhile for the sake of the better tracks.

LARRY CORYELL: OFFERING [*Vanguard*]

Coryell is a superior guitarist whose work lies very close to the line between rock and jazz; for my money he winds up on the jazz side but can be appreciated in either context.

Offering contains only six tracks–this permits Coryell and a fine group of sidemen plenty of space to open up into long, thoughtful developments of musical ideas. Coryell's is, in fact, very much a music of ideas–hardly "easy listening" stuff, but stimulating and rewarding to the listener willing to extend some effort in understanding the statements.

JOE HENDERSON: BLACK IS THE COLOR [*Milestone*]

This is an unusual kind of album: tracks laid down by Henderson (a brilliant reed man) and a group of associates in an improvisational mode, then studied for their content. Following this Henderson and the others laid down overdubbed parts devised after-the-fact.

The experiment seems to have been hugely successful, as a listening to *Black is the Color* indicates. I look forward to more records made with this experimental technique.

SPENCER DAVIS: MOUSETRAP [*United Artists*]

Spencer Davis is another English musician who's been around for a long time, evolving through hard-rock, blues-rock, and psychedelic phases. *Mousetrap* is a highly eclectic album, adding a strong country influence to those already mentioned. The personnel are a variety of studio musicians rather than an integral band, and some of them are of the very best quality.

It's a laid-back, relaxing kind of album, not high on energy but very pleasant.

BUDDY HOLLY: A ROCK & ROLL COLLECTION [*Decca*]

Buddy Holly was one of the leading lights of pre-Beatles rock and roll, in the opinion of many commentators a force second only to Chuck Berry, if not his equal. Killed in an airplane crash in 1959, Holly left a legacy of dozens of tracks, some of his own composition (best known was "Peggy Sue").

This two-record set contains some two dozen Holly tracks, most of them good fun, some of them surprisingly effective for material from that age of mindless rock and roll. The album is an historical document. ○

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MIDDLE CLASS *(From page 29)*
majority of Caucasian male blue-collarites and their dependents are still less well-off on all counts." And in case anyone has misunderstood Shostak's message, he concludes:

> *With respect to most blue-collarites, one comes finally to admire not so much accomplishment as endurance and to envy not so much achievement as persistence. Pathos and "affluence" to the contrary, blue-collarites today in America are* not *especially well-off. Many know this and vaguely sense that somehow things ought to "feel" better. How to make things better eludes almost all of them.*

[MIDDLE-CLASS POVERTY]

But if the lower middle class is to be characterized by endurance, the upper middle class is definitely not. The upper middle class may at one time have merely endured; today it has conquered.

For those families earning between $10,000 and $25,000, life displays many of the accoutrements of affluence that many believe to be the property of all. Just as the lower middle class is dominated by the blue-collar and service worker, so the upper middle class is dominated by professionals and managers. One-quarter of the U.S. labor force is made up of professional and technical workers, managers, officials, and proprietors. At first glance this is not at all remarkable: the professionals and managers have dominated the upper segment of the income scale for decades. Nor is it remarkable, because of all the discussion about it, that the professionals and managers have been steadily increasing in number. This increase has in fact been the subject not so much of discussion as of constant praise. It has provided the foundation for feverish speculation about postindustrial life, and as depicted in *The Organization Man* and other such books, has been used as a paradigm of that future life.

But the speculation has been too naive and too optimistic. It overlooks the fact that all men cannot be managers or professionals, and that the upper middle class, instead of merging into a hazy continuum with the lower middle class, has accentuated its differences and raised its admission standards. It would probably be more accurate to say that the professionals and managers display a closer identification with the rich than with the old middle class, and that they see each other as self-conscious members of Galbraith's New Class.

For several years immediately after World War II, optimism was generated by statistics showing a merging of workers' and professionals' incomes. In general, lower groups of workers seemed to be making much faster gains than income groups above them. In some circles, this tendency was even seen as a harbinger of declining income inequality on a vast scale. But what such optimism failed to take into account were the unusual circumstances under which such gains had been made. Wartime conditions, the scarcity of labor, and fat government contracts all accelerated the lower wage levels; once the war was over, however, normal relations began to reassert themselves, and the tendency of lower-paid workers to make more rapid gains than managers and professionals reversed itself by the mid-fifties. Thus, for example, between 1950 and 1960 the median wages for service workers and laborers rose 39%, while for professionals and managers the median rose 68%.

We can see the consequence of these statistics in a different way if we consider the expected earnings of a high school versus a college graduate. In 1968, the median annual income of high school graduates was slightly over $8,000; college graduates, on the other hand, had a median income of nearly $13,000. Projected over a lifetime, this means that the family of a high school graduate will enjoy $230,000 less income than the family of a college graduate. When measured in terms of housing, clothing, education, medical care, or any other index, this is an enormous sum.

The knowledge that his income will continue to rise substantially and evenly allows the upper-middle-class professional or manager to do things which, in lower-middle-class households, would cause financial havoc. For instance, indebtedness has become a crucial way of obtaining the necessities of modern civilization—a house, a car, most major appliances, even health care involves a willingness and ability to sustain long-term indebtedness. For families earning between $10,000 and $15,000 in 1962, fully 55% had debts totalling more than $5,000. By contrast, among those families earning between $3,000 and $5,000 (remember that in 1962 the dividing line between poor and lower middle class was $3,000), two-thirds did not even have liquid assets over $500, and hence could not even afford to contemplate indebtedness on the scale of the upper middle class.

There is a further point to be made about the income of the upper middle class. An income that is, say, X dollars above the national median is very different from an income which is X dollars below it. Living decently requires basic expenditures which consume a large and relatively constant amount of income, varying with the size of a family, the age of its members, its locale, etc. Thus for an urban family of four (considered average by the government), the Bureau of Labor Statistics computes an income of $10,700 as necessary for a "moderate," intermediate standard of living. This sum allows for food, clothing, housing, furnishings, transportation, medical care, household operation, reading, recreation, tobacco, education, gifts and contributions, and miscellaneous expenses. The BLS (a division of the Department of Labor) determined the amounts in each category by examining studies of consumer expenditures that are made every ten years. Examination of the amounts used in the "moderate" budget shows that they are less than extravagant. Clothes are replaced over a period of two to four years and furniture over a longer period. Transportation is by used car unless the city has a well-developed transportation system. The recreation allowance allows a movie every two or three weeks. The education allowance covers only the day-to-day expenses, such as books and paper—it does not include savings for higher education.

This "moderate" budget represents what is felt to be reasonable comfort in America today. It is obviously much higher than the government's definition of poverty, but still short of the two-car-in-every-garage, swimming-

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pool-in-every-backyard image of affluence that often passes for the norm. One can build upon it with additional income to provide for discretionary tastes, but to subtract from it immediately forces cutbacks in what is surely a modest life. The family would not starve, find itself in tatters, or be forced into a rat-infested tenement, were its income cut back by one or two thousand dollars. But it would find itself deprived of simple comfort, it would begin to detect imbalances in its meals—perhaps a marked absence of meat, or an overabundance of potatoes—it might find itself living in a "deteriorating" neighborhood where crime is a constant problem.

Yet one-half of American families live *below* the Bureau of Labor Statistics' definition of a "moderate" life.

[EXPOSING THE MYTH]

We have seen the wide disparity between the lower and upper middle classes; there are even greater disparities between rich and poor. Why is it, then, that Americans think of their country as an Affluent Society? How can we speak of America as egalitarian and democratic, when such antitheses contradict equality and endanger democracy?

From numerous interviews, and from cursory observation, it is clear that a majority of Americans publicly identify themselves as middle class (as compared to England, for example, where a majority still identifies itself as working class). Given the fact of this general self-identification, how are we to say that Americans are not middle class without the most patent contradiction?

Part of the answer to these questions lies in the way Americans talk about "the middle class." The American middle class is synonymous with the word majority. To Americans, to be middle class to to stand literally in the middle, to be average, to be the typical man in the street, the Good Joe. The idea of a minority middle class is about as ludicrous to an American as its antithesis was to a European.

Modern social science has reinforced the American notion by incorporating the American concept as part of its analysis. By *assuming* the existence of a broad middle class, and treating it as homogeneous, social scientists have frequently aggregated social economic data in a way that ignores the differences between upper and lower segments of that supposedly unitary class. By stressing the ideal of the middle class's homogeneity over the fact of its diversity, they have assumed that the ideal would appear as fact.

But none of this is new; American usage is buried deep in the history of America and in the character of the men and women who founded it. America was born in an age of Rationalist idealism, when the new ideal of equality was sharply contradicted by the reality of European society and, to a lesser extent, by the reality of colonial life as well. It was the hope of many of the Founding Fathers that in America, at least, the ideal would eventually defeat the reality. But instead the idealism of the Founding Fathers launched the country on a wave of anticipation that economic and political institutions were ill equipped to fulfill. Even today it is hard to see how the economic and political systems of America can possibly achieve the ideals which in our rhetoric too often pass for the norm.

It is not hard to see how the myth of the middle class has persisted over time. For lower-middle-class blue-collar and white-collar workers, it removes the sting that a more rigid class structure brings, and gives the workingman the feeling of fraternity in a larger world of equals. For upper-middle-class professionals, managers, and skilled workers, the myth sanctifies above-average wages and privileges on the ground that these are actually available to everyone.

Finally the myth has been enshrined because, over the past two decades, it has helped an elite of the upper middle class to achieve a substantial hegemony over the rest of the community, a hegemony that rarely is challenged successfully because of the New Class's claim to act in the interest of the whole. It is doubtful whether America has even been the fully participatory democracy claimed by its rhetoric; since World War II, however, this elite of managers and professionals has been able to operate with a freedom that has been only weakly opposed, and then for the wrong reasons.

Their hegemony might not be so bad, were it not for the simple fact that they have misperceived America and perpetuated myths which sustain the inequalities of American life. By naively assuming (or deliberately pretending) that their affluence, advantages, and comforts are universal, instead of unique, and that the middle class includes nearly everyone, they have continued the myth without considering the consequences, neither the injustice which they perpetuate, nor the justice which they promise, but cannot fulfill.

In establishing this hegemony, they have been aided by the traditional American rejection of class terminology. To be sure, there *is* affluence in America, but it is sharply limited for the vast majority. Surveying the extent and level of wealth in this country lends credence to Fitzgerald's famous claim that the very rich are different from you and me. And, scrutinizing the unique well-being of the upper-middle class, one can see why many of its New Class members believe that the Affluent Society is now being transcended by the Opulent Society. What one cannot see, however, is how this new opulence will ever reach those below.

Since America, in fact, is not an Affluent Society, let alone an opulent one, since malnutrition and poverty coexist with enormous wealth, and since the middle class is a term which may describe a family that is only one step ahead of poverty or a family one step short of riches, the question of economic equality remains as crucial today as it was to Jefferson and Paine in the early years of the Republic.

Exposing the myth of the middle class does not show how we may achieve that equality, but it does support what stands in its way. A solution is lacking because it requires not new ideas, but new will, and that will must come from the majority itself. Returning equality to the vocabulary of Americans is only the first step; whatever further steps are taken, only the American people may decide.

The preceding article excerpted and adapted from The Myth of the Middle Class: Notes on Affluence and Equality, *by Richard Parker (Liveright, $7.95).*

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HIP RACISM *(From page 32)*

endowment and advantage of those serious white people who come into endeavors of this kind, confronts the direct needs and plain exigencies of pain and desperation which are perceived and recognized by those whose lives are lived in poverty and deprivation. Out of the confrontation of the two extremes, there comes at length the evolution of a strong, authentic and original amalgamation: neither co-optative innocence nor cop-out obviation, but a dialogical tension that transcends them both. If on the one hand this means the sacrifice of sheer self-gratification which characterizes so much of the Hip-Left counterculture, on the other hand it also means a strong and vigorous counter-check to dozens of unreflective, programmed expectations which are so often held by well-indoctrinated members of the oppressed classes. The two sides join together on an equal basis—neither the self-laceration of the one nor the paternalistic benediction of the other, but the concentrated, strong and ethical passion of them both; neither to enter the citadel, which is this social structure, wearing the blinders of oppression, nor to depart this social order with the mindless glee of those sky-high on slogans and abstractions, but rather to confront this social order head-on in its multiple facets of domestication, to undermine and to explore its myriad corridors of power, exploitation and oppression—with the energy to enter, the leverage to alter, the passion to transform.

3. There is a popular and appealing inclination in the U.S. now, in 1972—of apparent therapeutic origin—which denies the proper role of ethical or altruistic aspirations, stigmatizes ethical goals as "moralistic," and satirizes moral purposes as "sanctimonious." In fewest terms, it is a bias against uncomplicated moral invocations and a simultaneous bias in favor of "the charm of realistic satisfactions." Ethics in themselves are unhealthy—or so the fashion seems to say. Compassion is of suspicious origin. Guilt is—in the jargon of the business world—"counter-productive."

It must be clear, by now, that I do not accept this point of view. Guilt, in my belief, within an unjust and destructive social order, is a sane and vigorous and responsible emotion. Glee in the face of murder, whim in the direct face of hunger and starvation, "new," "strange," "experimental" forms and ways of sex, love, psychic transformation and experience, in the direct face of those who die of heroin-overdose or of untreated illness every single morning in the unattended hospital wards of miserable Northern city slums: this, to me, is a definition of neurosis, nightmare, holocaust and horror.

"Free Schools have the choice to join with vigorous passion in the transformation of this nation, or else to sit back on their cushions and watch history pass by before their eyes."

Free Schools which serve primarily children of rich people stand, in this hour, at a place of sharp and diametrical options: In one direction is the option of self-serving innovations, inturned concentration, therapeutic, psychic and intellectual self-exploration. In the other direction is political risk and ethical endeavor: the passion of the concrete struggle and the vividness and the exhiliration of an undiluted revolutionary aspiration. Free Schools have the choice before them now to join with vigorous passion in the transformation of this nation, or else to sit back on their cushions and watch history pass by before their eyes. The shared rebellion of the brave and manacled children of the *victim* and the ethical and angry children of the *victimizer* cannot be simple and will not be carried through without much sacrifice. It is, by any odds, a difficult and utopian vision. Yet, if we will open up our eyes to see, we will discover that it is also a realistic *vision,* one which is now in the process of creation in many sections of the nation: from the poor-white slums of Nashville to black and Indian neighborhoods of North Chicago; from the backwater neighborhoods of East St. Louis and Seattle to the newest, but most inventive and courageous, Free Schools of Kentucky, Michigan and Maine.

It is our obligation, within the years ahead, to make this dream more real. ○

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KISSINGER *(From page 34)*

ahead in producing a whole series of Kissinger scoops for the French press. And Henry is smart, Henry is a keen judge of character. Henry's ego has been oftentimes wounded—by the Nazis, a divorce, snobby professors, the Kennedys ("Henry was never frivolous enough," Danielle explains, "to have been considered seriously by the Kennedys"). Henry is as wary a bachelor as can be found on the D.C. social circuit. When Danielle attempts to crash one of Washington's exclusive congressional parties in his company without the necessary printed invitation in hand, Henry feels he is exploited too much. In this most dramatic scene of the book, he simply pretends he does not know her. "She is *not* with me," he says, Judas-like, to the general at the door, and he rushes up the stairs, his coat tails flying. All dressed up in her Cardin formal and nowhere to go, Danielle sulks back to Paris, beginning to realize that Henry may be a bastard but—how perverse—loving him all the more for it.

Retaliation. The next time Danielle flies back to Washington, she carefully prepares her strike: "They speak of your terribly bad influence on the President," she suggests during their conversation. And this is Danielle's Dien Bien Phu, for she seems to have hit on some secret and fearful cord of Henry's life. Pale as a sheet, Henry rises from his seat and ushers Danielle out of his office "like a leper." And the relationship begins its pathetic decline. The most dishonest aspect of this dubiously honest book is that Danielle never admits that she has solved the enigma that originally triggered her whole infatuation: Is Henry pure? No, Henry is *not* pure.

Once, at a Paris dinner party, a Frenchwoman told me that she had agreed to marry her husband on only one condition: "That he would never, never tell me the truth." There is a code of mystery in flirtations—perhaps in all successful human relations—which Hunebelle radically defies. It is a code diametrically opposed to the floodlighting process of journalistic research, and Danielle's sob story reminds us that it is wiser not to try balling those we interview. In love, we can scratch at the mystery, but never dig. Few men—certainly never one as complex and chary as Kissinger—could stand Danielle's archeological perseverance into the enigma of their character. And, apart from his cowardly flight up the stairs, Henry comes off like a scholar and a gentleman, for Danielle is an *emmerdeuse.*

However, one is left grateful for some insights into Kissinger's character, nowhere else chronicled so directly: His profoundly pessimistic, conservative view of human nature. His callousness to friends and his corresponding lust for seducing enemies. His ironic, self-deprecating wit, his mercurial and sometimes scintillating social chatter. His peevish, sudden fits of temper. His tendency to bully and berate his inferiors. His brooding, scheming sense that "the only power I have is the President's confidence." The dour Spartanism of this man who never smokes or drinks, seems to fuck little, and leaves his flat for the White House breakfast at 7:40 every morning, occasionally dragging along a bagful of dirty laundry.

Should the book have been titled *Dear Henry: A Fantasy?* Mr. Kissinger, when asked to comment upon it, quipped that Ms. Hunebelle should receive the Nobel prize for fiction. Did the semi-romantic dinners exist at all? Or did Danielle not admit that they went "further," as we used to tell our confessors? I very much doubt the latter. At times Ms. Hunebelle's very Gallic, Stendhalien, cerebral passion seems self-induced, aimed to produce a best-seller for the American market.

Both Hunebelle's soap opera and Landau's book, *Kissinger: The Uses of Power,* deal with fantasy: The former with the author's fantasy of Kissinger, the latter with the much more solemn theme of Kissinger's fantasy of history.

A man's political beliefs inevitably spring from some implicit theology, from a notion of the hopelessness or perfectibility of the human beast. As Hunebelle noted, Henry Kissinger is a profound pessimist. ("Rousseau killed a lot of people with his optimism," he had told her, "which resulted in the French revolution"). And one of the most gratifying aspects of Landau's book is that it touches on the deeply tragic sense of life which chisels the complex nature of his conservatism. According to Landau, it is Kissinger's childhood experience in Nazi Germany that is in great part responsible for his horror of sudden change and his elitist distrust of "the people." It has also forged his horror of all supra-national ideology, which on the surface seems even more militant in his fear of the right than of the left. For one of the most interesting complexities of the Kissinger character, as delineated in these pages, is that it combines an obsessive fear of a right-wing take over with a highly elitist view of decision-making. In Landau's view, Kissinger's decision to join the Nixon Administration was in part based on his hope that the President could bring important liberal modifications to American policy—such as a rapprochement with China and a withdrawal from Vietnam—without creating the hullaballoo that a "liberal" in the White House might have. (Kissinger: "Nixon will save us from the hard hats.") And yet, the professor's peculiar brand of muscular liberalism is qualified by the fact that he had originally preferred Rockefeller to Nixon for one central reason: He believed that Rockefeller would be more impervious to public opinion than the more malleable, swayable Nixon. If there is one phrase with which one could sum up Landau's portrait of Kissinger, it is *"Vox*

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populi, vox demoni."

In Kissinger's home town of Fürth, Bavaria, 18 Jewish inhabitants, out of an initial population of 3,000, survived the Nazi holocaust. For a refugee from such a carnage, few periods of history could be more soothing, more incitive to fantasize upon, then the age of Metternich, that "great society sane and tranquil" which brought a century of comparative peace to a Europe recovering from the upheavals of 1789. It is on this era that Kissinger focused for his doctoral dissertation at Harvard, which was a conceptual blueprint for United States foreign policy based on the conference system that resolved the Napoleonic wars. And Landau's central theme is the persistence of Kissinger's historical fantasy: his belief that all great power conflicts can still be resolved by the same methods as those used at the Congress of Vienna, by a select group of ministers whose tools are the careful use of threats and double entendres. In Landau's view, it is this fantasy—or amnesia—which leads Kissinger to misinterpret the vast historical forces that have shaped the world in our century, which blocks any realistic understanding of post-colonial revolutionary nations, and which is greatly responsible for his tragic failure to disengage us from Vietnam. Kissinger would attribute the great outbursts of political ideologies that convulsed Europe between the two world wars to the collapse of skilled diplomacy. He would consider these historical forces to be aberrations which could be swept away entirely with a stroke of diplomatic finesse. Thus the most singular insight of Landau's book is that it contradicts the popular notion—and the professor's own self-image—of Kissinger as hard-headed pragmatist. It presents him rather as an idealist, a man who absolutizes an outworn form of diplomacy—and his personal concept of history—at the expense of a realistic analysis of contemporary forces.

Although, at some phases of his writing, Kissinger admired Bismarck as much as Metternich (he once praised Bismarck's diplomacy for being "unencumbered by moral scruples"), Landau concentrates on his adulation of the latter. But he misses some similarities and differences between Kissinger and Metternich. If there is one quality that does unite these two men so disparate in temperament and in social origins, it is a profoundly pessimistic and cynical view of human nature that leads them to an inevitable elitism. Numerous aphorisms of the Metternich era come to mind which might as well have been spoken by Kissinger. Metternich's saying that "the people is everywhere good, but childish." Taine's quip that "100 million ignorances do not make a knowledge." Talleyrand's motto that "authority comes from either the genius of the governor or the mediocrity of the governed." Metternich's comment to de Tocqueville that democracy, at best, would always be "a perpetual tour de force." To statesmen holding this wary view of human nature, healthy political changes should come like changes in nature—unperceived; new eras should slip in like thieves in the night; and the aim of diplomacy is to curb the passions of the people, to cultivate, above all, the corollary qualities of patience and secrecy from public scrutiny. In no direct words is Kissinger's adulation of secret diplomacy better revealed than in a recent interview in *Paris Match* in which he says: "Foreign policy is not one of the matters that are debatable in the public arena . . . they are the concern of a small number of men who act in secret and whose solitude and anguish are similar to those of the artist." Here Kissinger differs in tone from Metternich: teutonic angst versus the measured minuet. Bruckner versus Mozart. The problem of the romantic ego in politics.

Which leads us to another difference between the two: Metternich did not particularly enjoy power and did not work to attain it. Seeing his high birth and gifts, power fell upon his shoulders naturally, as dew upon a mountain. His character and his diplomatic methods were untainted by that dialectic of insecurity and egomania which characterizes Nixon's grey eminence. As a result, Metternich could take his power and the art of diplomacy with less seriousness and somewhat more modesty than does Kissinger. *"Le Ministre papillon, fin, faux et fanfaron,"* as the Austrian prince was referred to, was a pleasure-loving aesthete to whom diplomacy was but one of the many graces of life, who had no mystic sense of his historic mission. "I pass my time propping up worm-eaten buildings," Metternich wrote at the end of his life, "I was born either one hundred years too soon or one hundred years too late." There is a dimension of human impotence in these words which is diametrically opposed to Kissinger's grandiose sense that he is the hero born at the right time and place to write a page in history. At this point Kissinger's other great idol, the philosopher Hegel, comes in.

In Landau's analysis, Kissinger's ideology has been affected by the Hegelian view that history is never made by the broad masses of the people, but by their leaders; and by the Hegelian theory that in each epoch there will arise a civilization, occasionally an individual, whose duty it will be to guard and transmit the historical spirit. Landau documents this insight with Kissinger's heavy rhetoric around the word "history," such as in his sinister comment that the U.S.-China rapprochement was "so great, so historic, that Vietnam will only be a footnote when it is written in history." The author implies that one of Kissinger's most tragic deformations is to see the United States as the carrier of the Hegelian "world spirit" in our era. And he also intimates that Kissinger, in his moments of greatest self-esteem, probably believes that he is precisely one of those rare individuals, carriers of "world spirit," about whom

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his favorite philosopher speculated. One can almost hear Kissinger saying, throughout these pages, *"L'Histoire, c'est moi."* Thus the portrait that emerges from a combined reading of Hunebelle and Landau is that of a man not driven by any materialistic lust for personal gain but by an infinitely more dangerous motivation, by his mystic sense of historical mission. A man content to live like a monk, enjoying only the psychic force of his power over the chief of state and over history. One wishes, for the sake of world peace, that he craved Cadillacs, expensive dogs and mistresses.

Landau's book is by far the most critical study of Kissinger to date, yet it is admirably devoid of dogmatic leftism, particularly for a young and radical scholar. The author, constantly trying to be fair, gives us much to admire about Kissinger. He dispels the Strangelove myth and underlines Kissinger's influence in converting Nixon from nuclear superiority to parity. He stresses Kissinger's great erudition, his unusual kindness to undergraduate students, the total intellectual respect owed him by every one of his colleagues, the fairly dovish stand he evolved on Vietnam after 1965 (failing to note, however, that Kissinger's objections were always on pragmatic, never on moral, grounds). Although the book shies away from anecdote, sometimes with the result of dryness, Landau has fresh insights into some of the personal motives behind Kissinger's compulsion to isolate the President and create his own state department. One is Kissinger's opinion, stated to friends after his first meeting with Nixon, that the President is a colorless, unassertive man with a muddy political identity and a second-rate mind. But this characteristic liberal view was qualified by Kissinger's fear that Nixon's lack of identity would make him too amenable to the whims of public opinion. Kissinger thus seems to have looked upon Nixon as a sort of Pygmalion, an inert being to transform and dominate at the expense of congressional power and public opinion. An even more personal interpretation of Kissinger's urge to quarantine Nixon is traced to the rebuff the professor suffered during the Kennedy Administration. According to Landau, the rebuff was caused by Kissinger's attempt to talk directly to Kennedy by circumventing his old Harvard friend McGeorge Bundy, with the result that Bundy brusquely ejected Kissinger from the White House. And it seems that the most triumphant revenge of Kissinger's career is that, once in power, he would allow no one on *his* National Security Council staff to have access to *his* President.

These observations of Landau give personal insights into some of the most sinister phenomena of the Nixon-Kissinger era—the radical centralizing of decision-making in the President's office, the near collapse of the State Department as an effective agent of foreign policy, an explicit disdain for public opinion. The result is a system which Landau characterizes as "wholly devoid of institutional safeguards or intellectual variety, subject only to the views and whims of two men." Yet there is another important ingredient in Kissinger's policy of centralization which Landau fails to mention: Kissinger's disdain for bureaucracy, which is as deep as his distaste for popular opinion. In a recent European interview, Kissinger describes the staffs of the State Department and the Pentagon, which employ 70,000 persons, as "the nightmares of the modern statesman." Such bureaucrats, he says, are highly dangerous because they can only have a minutely partial view of policy issues. Therefore, the professor concludes, "the only place in the United States where matters of foreign policy can be treated is the office of the President . . . in a state of solitude and anguish similar to that of the artist."

Landau deals with most of the major issues on which Kissinger has written and advised for the past fifteen years: strategic nuclear weapons, German reunification, the 1962 Berlin crisis, NATO, the SALT talks. The longest and most brilliant passages—almost one third of the book—deal with Vietnam. The evolution of Kissinger's Vietnam policy from dovish to hard-lined seems all the more tragic and poignant in these pages because of Landau's fairness and reluctant admiration, his painstaking efforts to stress Kissinger's liberal side. In Landau's view, Kissinger—unlike much of the Nixon entourage—had never desired military victory and had clearly desired to spring

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the United States from a trap. After Johnson's 1965 escalations, he had come to think of the war as an absurdity. He had never shared Nixon's ideological commitment to Thieu, for whom he had nothing but profound disdain. His extensive trip to Vietnam in 1965 (on a fact-finding tour for Lodge) led him to conclusions so aberrant from the official military line that Westmoreland requested a complete accounting of what everyone there had told him. And yet, and yet ... why did Kissinger not advocate outright abandonment of this ally he so profoundly disdained? Again, Landau puts the blame on Kissinger's anachronistic concept of world order. However opposed he had been to the Kennedy-type interventionism, Kissinger is inevitably led to a new form of interventionism by looking upon the United States as the replicant for the peace-keeping Congress of Vienna. The Kissinger policy as interpreted by Landau is overwhelmingly based on "consistency" and "credibility" rather than on realism. "Let others judge us, and set their own course, by the steadiness of *our* performance." The obsession with consistency and credibility means that the United States must retain its world image of infallibility and invincibility rather than adjust policy to historical changes.

In analyzing Kissinger's Vietnam diplomacy, Landau does not elaborate on "Vietnamization," but on the much more fundamental theory of the "decent interval," which Kissinger had already stated to his erstwhile friend Daniel Ellsberg in 1968. The United States must depart in such a way that it does not *appear* to have abandoned the Saigon regime. There must be a handsome facade—disguised by the decent interval—to cover up our responsibility for the Communists' eventual takeover of South Vietnam. The United States must endorse *in theory* a goal—the stability of a non-Communist Vietnam—which its tiny clique of policy makers knows it cannot seek to achieve *in practice.* This cynical pursuit reminds one of Metternich's description of his own diplomatic methods: "One must lie even while telling the truth."

It is ironic that the great Hall of Vienna where Metternich, Castlereagh and their colleagues managed to keep Europe quiescent for some decades was named "The Hall of Lost Footsteps," a name better suited for the Paris rooms where the Vietnam negotiations have been floundering. Delineating Kissinger's role in the continuation of the Vietnam morass, Landau compares his ideology to that of an exquisitely tuned watch, which runs with consistent precision but is not telling the real time. Kissinger's reading of North Vietnamese nationalism, however more sophisticated and scholarly than that of anyone else in the Nixon entourage, is still too centrist, too simplistic, and above all anachronistic. He underestimates the complexity of North Vietnam's position and of its society. He overlooks the intricate relationship between its heroic figures and the broad sectors of society on whom they depend for support. He disregards the disillusionment suffered by the North Vietnamese leaders on the two previous occasions—1946 and 1954—when they signed a pact with the great powers, and the profound opposition they had encountered among their supporters for having signed these pacts. Kissinger seems to have regarded his Peking trip as a tool of intimidation against Hanoi, while neglecting the fact that Vietnamese nationalists may be as disillusioned by the large Communist powers as they are by the capitalist ones. Finally, one senses in this portrait that Kissinger may be too much of a nineteenth century man to understand the true character of a small, post-colonial revolutionary nation. Kissinger's stress on credibility and place in history in what he has called our "elegant bugout" from Vietnam, is compounded by his anachronistic reading of historical forces and by the inevitable virus of American messianism which seems to infect all those who rise to power in the United States. The result is a policy which has spoken not to concrete realities but to the professor's vindication of his own philosophy of history.

Landau's book is an admirable study of the Kissinger ideology, based on a study of all of his writings and public statements and numerous interviews with his colleagues and old friends. But it presents few intimate glimpses of the sphinx himself. One is enraged by the fact that Kissinger gave the trite Ms. Hunebelle such copious access to himself, and that Landau—because of his notoriously anti-Administration views at the grey eminence's alma mater—was never granted a minute of his time. Yet Landau draws a consistent, overall portrait of a graspingly ambitious, Jewish intellectual in whom "arrogance is magnified by the self-consciousness and surprise of each success ... insecurity deepened by the shock and indignation of every setback." One misses, above all, a more intimate view of the Nixon-Kissinger relationship. What is the tone of their conversations during that estimated hour and a half they spend together each day? How does the texture of their friendship differ from the companionships Nixon has had with a Murray Chotiner, a William Rogers, a John Mitchell? Is there no valet, no alcovist, no subversive secretary who could have offered some scraps of enlightenment? But perhaps Landau shied away from any information that was not totally factual, totally historical, and his book is all the purer for it.

My chief criticism of Landau's book is that he may have been too trustful of the sincerity of Kissinger's public statements. For a man whose diplomacy is based on such a dialectic of deceit and covertness, the announced theory of a decent interval or of Vietnamization may shield a more clandestine desire for a military victory. Kissinger's proclaimed fear of a right-wing takeover may be a classical tactic to assuage liberals, and could shield an infinitely greater fear of a left-wing takeover. Landau touches upon the tension between the professor's attempt to preserve his ideological integrity and his need to adjust whatever ideological differences separate him from Nixon in order to retain the President's confidence. I doubt the genuineness of such a tension in one as opportunistic and chameleon-like as Kissinger. One remains haunted by his statement to Hunebelle: "My only power is the President's confidence ... I must retain the President's confidence." At times one feels that Landau has tried to be too fair, too eager to present a left-of-center consensus view of Kissinger. I also have reservations towards the book's meandering tone poem format. Although suited to the teutonic, brooding character of its

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subject, it is repetitive and could have stood much sterner editing. These are small flaws in a marvelous achievement. For Landau has given vast, solid, and tragic-historical perspective to a contemporary figure, a perspective which is rare.

Landau leaves us with the following tragic paradoxes: Kissinger's dogmatic insistence on face-saving, place in history and credibility leads to the greatest loss of credibility the United States has ever endured. His stress on consistency purports to be anti-ideological, yet becomes hyper-ideological in its fanaticism. Kissinger, child of the Weimar Republic, refugee from history's largest holocaust, becomes responsible for aggravating one of the century's great holocausts in a small Asian nation. Kissinger, a man purportedly dedicated to a pluralistic world order, who could have led the mediocre and provincial Nixon entourage to disengagement, becomes the willing leader of the gigantic Washington-Madison Avenue propaganda machine.

To this I shall add my own footnote concerning another sinister aspect of Kissinger's power: In his shadowy, unofficial role as Nixon's grey eminence, Kissinger—unlike Metternich—will never have to fully face the moral or historical brunt of his decisions. The responsibility will always remain Nixon's, not his. If Kissinger has been wrong, he can always wash his hands of his actions, Pilate-like. Kissinger, whatever tragedies he has triggered, can pack up and run up the stairs of history, out of sight, with the same slippery ease with which he ran out on the banal woman infatuated with the mystery of his power. ○

BAD INDIAN *(From page 37)*

Alcatraz—but he wasn't quite sure what would help. After leaving the island, he became involved with the impoverished Pit River Indians and their occupation of lands used by Pacific Gas and Electric, a northern California utility company, which they claimed were rightfully theirs. Along with others, Oakes was tear gassed, clubbed and jailed by local sheriffs. Then he was let out and the next thing I heard of him was on June 11, 1970, when he got into a brawl in one of the "Indian bars" in San Francisco and was beaten senseless by two assailants with pool cues. For weeks he was in critical condition, doctors uncertain if he would recover. But strangely enough a Hopi medicine man visited and prayed over him, and not long after Oakes was well enough to leave the hospital. His luxurious black hair had been cropped, and he looked like he had dropped 40 pounds, but he was cheerful even though symptoms would later recur and he would have to go back and have a plastic plate inserted into his skull.

After leaving the hospital, Oakes became involved with the people of a small reservation in Sonoma County, California. They were trying to charge motorists tolls for passing over their lands on the state highway, and Oakes was arrested with others and charged with armed robbery. Once clear of this, he said he was going to buy a bus and make it into a mobile college, taking his own family (he had six kids) and other Indians to reservations throughout the country. But this never came off. Oakes had discovered the ultimate enemy of Indian militants: the fact that processes eroding Indian land and culture are subtle and covert, and apparently take place in some nether-world where they can't be affected one way or another. Other young Indian leaders had become dazed in trying to cope with this situation—Clyde Warrior, for instance, the young Ponca who had ignited the Red Power movement of the mid-60s, wound up drinking himself to death—and I often found myself wondering what was in store for Richard.

On September 21, I was watching the 11 o'clock news when the story that Richard Oakes was dead flashed across the screen. He had been shot and killed by a caretaker for a YMCA camp in Northern California who claimed that Oakes had menaced him with a hunting knife. I felt a terrific sadness. I hadn't known him at all well, but I remembered once again that day three years earlier when we'd sat and talked in the crumbling prison that was once again alive, and it seemed that Oakes, like the Indian movement generally, was on a voyage of self-discovery that could lead almost anywhere. Where his journey went and how it was cut short also tells much about the fate of that movement. As for Richard, I don't know but I think it may have pleased him at least a little that by the time of his death, the word was out that he was "a bad Indian." ○

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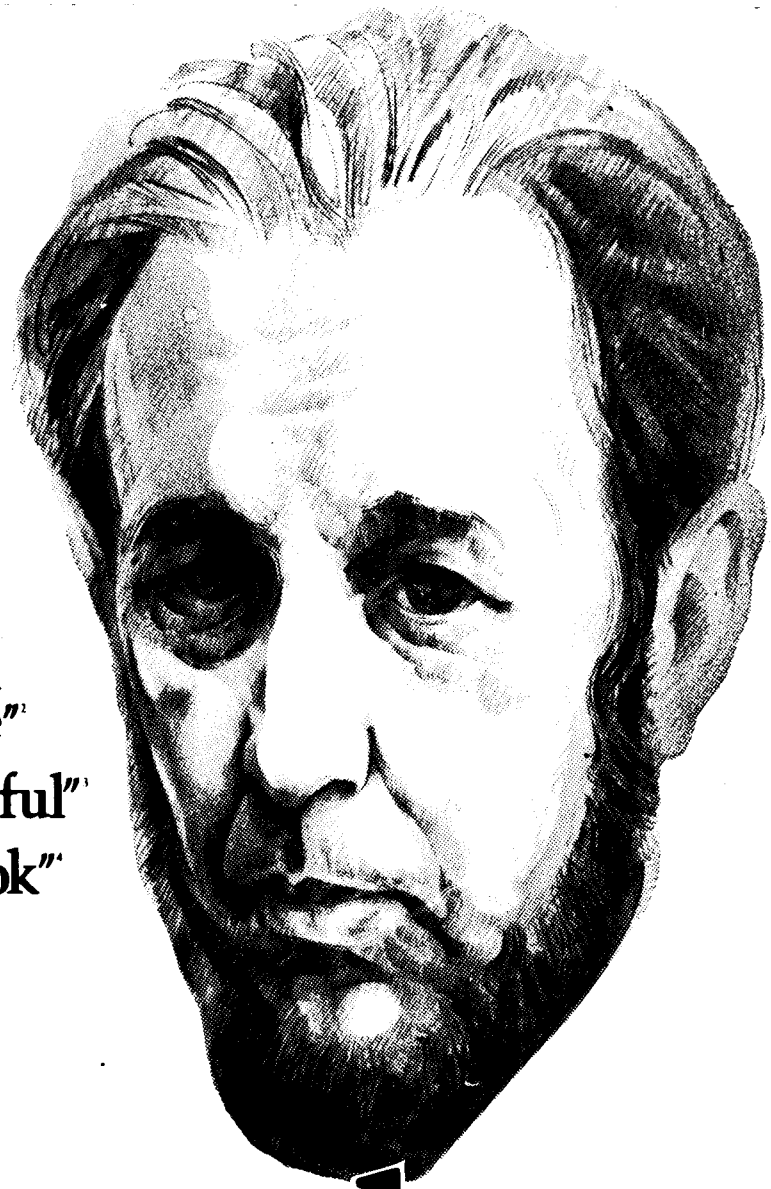

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